

# MONTANA MAGAZINE

OF HISTORY



SHAKESPEREAN COWBOY  
MERCURIAL MILITARY  
HISTORICAL NOVEL  
FRONTIER FRIEND  
BUFFALO CHIPS  
MONTANIANA  
ROUNDUP  
BOOKS

FALL 1954



# MONTANA MAGAZINE

## OF HISTORY

★ ★ To Preserve, Publish, Promote and Perpetuate Montana's History ★ ★

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# The Historical Novel



Detail from a pen sketch of a frontier type by Charles M. Russell.

By A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

**T**HE distinguished Montanan who wrote *THE BIG SKY* and *THE WAY WEST*, a Pulitzer prize-winner, discusses, in an eloquent and refreshing manner, its pitfalls and virtues.

I'll try to tell you today why some novelists choose to deal with the past. And I'll give my justification for the choice, if justification can be found for literary endeavors that so many people regard so dubiously. The historical novel, as you know, is by reputation a sort of tramp in the parlor of letters—and not altogether through pure prejudice. We historical novelists at times have worked pretty hard for that reputation.

The reasons for this choice of time, of course, differs with writers; no one can answer entirely for the rest of us. So allow for accident. Allow for mercenary speculation. Allow for undifferentiated preference.

An old Kentuckian I've heard about one night found himself at an old-fashioned revival, an old fashioned and, I believe, Methodist testimonial meeting at which the worshipers one by one, got up to tell how they had been led to see the light. Finally all but the old man had testified. The others gathered around him, urging him to speak his piece, too. Finally, and reluctantly, he got to his feet.

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When some 400 persons gathered in Helena from May 7 to 9, 1954, for one of the most successful Pacific Northwest History Conferences ever held, they were delighted with a deluge of talks and panels by competent persons of historical inclinations. This provocative talk by Mr. Guthrie was so well received that we have yielded to requests to publish it for our readers. This has been made possible by permission of the *NEW YORK TIMES*, Book Review Section, to use previously copyrighted portions of this significant material.



From a portion of the fine C. M. Russell oil painting "Chief Takes Toll," in the Charles M. Russell Room, Historical Society of Montana.

"Sistern and Brethern," he said, "I've tried sinnin' and I've tried not sinnin', and I swear to my soul I believe I like sinnin' the best."

So some of us writers of historical novels may just like sinnin' the best.

But beyond what may be called mere idiosyncrasy, there must exist considerations that quite a body of us in degree have been influenced by.

I'll get to them presently. First I'd like to clear the ground for a more general discussion by listing the small and particular, but perhaps decisive, reasons for my own choice.

I write historical novels, historical novels of the West, out of a long-time interest in the westward movement in America. I can't remember when the subject didn't attract me. John Burroughs, the naturalist, said, "I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home." I think I can say that I have been and am in love with this West I write about. It has been home, too; home seen the more lovingly and I hope the more clearly because the impassable years lie between us. The years impassable except to imagination, except to devotion. Along the beavered streams of

Montana, I hear the old shouts of the fur-hunters. On the ridges I can see the Blackfeet passing. An arrowhead found in some dusty buffalo run becomes a chase. An ox yoke becomes a wagon train. An old spur belongs to Andy Adams, the cowboy from Texas. Indian, mountain man, home-seeker, gold-hunter, gun-fighter, cow-puncher, cattleman, hony-aker—they people this world. They move against the great backdrop of plains and mountains that echo still to shouts and whispers and curses and prayers; to the whines of dry axles, the cries of babies, the boom of a cap and ball. And all of this and all of them are dust; except that they rise from the dust through the magic of what we call daydream in youngsters and imagination in adults. No matter. They are dust and they arise; and, arising, give richness to life.

I suppose I am a sort of antiquarian. Flint and steel interest me more than the everlasting match. I prefer a muzzle-loader to a machine-gun. I can get excited over a wagon train, not much over a Constellation. Kit Carson and Jim Bridger stay in my mind after the boys of the wild blue yonder have left it. I like old cherry more than knotty pine.

So, if I was to write, it was natural that I turn to the West and to its earlier days.

I don't know when I began feeling that justice hadn't been done to the fur hunter of the 1820's and the 1830's, justice not in the sense of idolatry but of truth, of proportion. We have enough creators of idols, who make one admirable quality the sum of the man; not enough honest appraisers who recognize that a part of all heroes is the clay common to all of us. The great men of our folklore are made to appear almost spotless. I don't believe in them. I don't even like them very well. Perfection is something we strive for, but that no one ever attains, thank heavens! What we need to remember, in the reconstruction of



heroes, is just that no one ever was perfect. I wanted to show the mountain man—in this first book of mine—for what he was, or what he seemed honestly to me to have been—not the romantic character, the virtuous if unlettered Leatherstocking, but the engaging, uncouth, admirable, odious, thoughtless, resourceful, loyal, sinful, smart, stupid, courageous character that he was and had to be.

It occurred to me, as I worked at the idea, that another universal entered here, the universal of Oscar Wilde and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Each man kills the thing he loves. No men ever did it more thoroughly or in a shorter time than the fur hunters of General Ashley and Jed Smith and Jim Bridger. For a short thirty years they knew their paradise—freedom, excitement, adventure, solitude, the cozy satisfaction of planting feet where white feet had not trod before. And then it was all over—beaver trapped out, Indians tamed, buffalo on the wane, lonely trails peopled by home-seekers, the rule of free action supplanted by statutes filed in court-houses. Nothing was left.

All of us, it seems to me, do the same thing, if not so spectacularly or completely, through some evil accident of existence. Not that we are unconscious or wanton. We kill the thing we love because we don't have clean choices and, lacking them, destroy our loves by a sort of attrition until at last, numbed and sullied by necessity, we may wonder what it was we ever loved, or how it was that once we loved it. That is one of the tragedies of the lives we have to lead. We never have the clean choices that our youth and innocence have led us to expect; and not having them, weaken or lose our attachments in the compromises we can't avoid.

Well, in any case, there was a theme here that attracted me. I would write the story of the mountain man.

Finally—and this is both a personal and, I believe, a general reason for the novelist's first resort to history—perhaps

my choice was determined, in degree, by the thought that the past was easier to deal with than the contemporary. Here was something ready-made, waiting only to be learned and wrenched into some sort of shape. The use of it, beginning novelists are likely to think until experience teaches them better, will save a lot of wear and tear on the imagination. And it will ease the problem of filling out a manuscript to book length. Lug in history when the mind lags. Drag it in, boot and heels. Draw on the bric-a-brac, the trappings, the recorded customs, manners, techniques. Such borrowings may not forward the story exactly, but they will be easy. More, they will demonstrate the borrower's familiarity with history. They'll show he's qualified as a novelist because he's a good historian.

What conveniences, what advantages does history offer the novelist? It offers him, to list a small but not unimportant item, the convenience of easy novelty. I believe it was Edmund Gosse who said that the secret of successful narrative was a continual slight novelty. It isn't difficult thus to season a re-creation, not if you know your time and place and people. Employed rightly, the little fact that people of early-day St. Louis used to use bear oil in lieu of lard, heightens and helps to hold the reader's interest. For such a fillip the author of contemporary fiction likelier than not has to invent.

But here, perhaps, is the biggest common reason for history in fiction. History offers perspective. From our present-day vantage point we can assess its significances. We know, or feel we know, its pitch, tone and place in the long stream of experience, whereas we may be confused and baseless in the present. From what point do we approach the present, with what real perception, with what valid assumptions? On-the-spot reporting is subject to amendment, when the thing seen is seen together with the things it blinded us to.

I'm not saying, of course, that the contemporary doesn't offer opportunities for the novelist. Obviously it does, and fiction would be in a sorry state if it didn't. I'm just suspecting, out of my own experience, that many historical novelists doubt their ability to deal with it. I am more at home with the materials when they are dusty.

Against any advantages in the use of history, there are burdens, difficulties, temptations, dangers not found elsewhere. For one thing, the author must know his history—or let me say, he ought to. If he is conscientious, he can't assume, ignore, distort, or falsify. He has to know for other than ethical reasons, too. Someone is sure to catch his errors. The littlest anachronism will excite a howl. Once when I was working long hours to meet a deadline, I was led to use a name that I found in recent but not old literature. The name was Nyack, and the thing named was that small creek in Montana, a tributary of the Flathead. The chances seemed at least a thousand to one that the present name was old. The fur hunters didn't give titles to mountain ranges, peaks, plateaus or stretches of plains, not often at any rate. But they did name the rivers because the rivers were the scenes of their operations. The consequence is that nearly all western-stream names are more than a hundred years old. I took the one chance in a thousand, telling myself, moreover, that the stream was unimportant, except of course to my story, and that such a little matter didn't justify a further search. Maybe it didn't, but the book hadn't been long in print before I received a letter. The writer said it was his impression that Nyack Creek was named at the time the Great Northern railroad was building its line through Montana, a half century after the time of my story. He was right, too. I've always wondered, since he caught me in one mistake, how much confidence he put in the rest of my history.

Perhaps it should be added here that the historical novelist must be prepared for criticism that is itself in error. A midwest book reviewer said "The Big Sky" would have been better if I hadn't employed such modern gangsterism as the phrase "rubbed out." Now "rubbed out," meaning killed, meaning done away with, is old. I do know that it was drawn, probably in the first years of the 19th century, if not earlier, from the Indian sign language. When an Indian wanted to impart the information that a man had been killed, he rubbed the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other. Hence, "rubbed out." So the fact is that today's gangsters aren't modern at all in this case. They borrowed an idiom a hundred and fifty years old. The reviewer, had he wanted to, could have found a more recent but still dusty example. Custer's soldiers, singing "Garry Owen" as they marched to their last rendezvous, boasted that they would rub out the Sioux.

The historical novelist must know his history—which means that in the actual preparation of a book he must spend at least as much time in research as in writing. He must read the prime sources, take adequate notes, arrange the notes so that he can put his hands on them when he wants them. (Sometimes a man gets the feeling that he ought to take notes on his notes.) More than that, his very choice of a subject is usually the result of a long and interested, if unmethodical, reading about the time and place and people with which he expects to deal. The writer of contemporary fiction doesn't encounter such a necessity.

What do I mean when I say the historical novelist must know his history? I mean that he must know not only the broad outlines, the social conflicts, the political, military and economic concerns and consequences of his setting; he must know how men talked, what they wore, with what techniques they fashioned their lives, how they regarded and how

they met the questions that still may bother us today. It isn't enough, as one writer has said it is, to describe a carriage as a "handsome" carriage. The conscientious novelist wants, and needs, a more specific and less editorial description. "Handsomeness" in relation to a carriage could fit many places and almost any time—which is to say that it says nothing.

Even an acquaintance with the sticks and stones of history isn't enough. The fictionist in history must be able to read between the lines of his sources, which, in American literature at least, tend to be restrained, staid, proper, in accordance with an old conviction that a lot of what went to make life wasn't fit for

nor a tent nor a sequestered cabin, if they were lucky enough to be in one, the ideal spot for childbirth.

It is in directions like these, I believe; it is in the direction of rounding out life, of seeing it in the whole, that the historical novelist may give real service to history.

I've already indicated another danger. It is the danger of what might be called the unblended record, the undigested mass. The tired author too often is tempted to throw in a tired chunk of history. These chunks constitute a hurdle, or a series of hurdles, that the reader may or may not jump in order to find his hero on the other side. A good historical novel has to be on open highway,



Small detail from a pen sketch of "The Scout," by C. M. Russell.

print. He must fill in, synthesize, guess intelligently, for what he's trying to tell about is life as it was lived, not alone as it was reported. I'll draw on my own experience again, not because the example is superior or even necessarily good, but because it is at least mine. When I was experimenting with a story about the Oregon Trail, I began to wonder about the women, the largely unsung heroes of the great movement to the West. I wondered how they felt, what they felt, how they acted. Here was two thousand miles of journey ahead of them, to a land almost unknown, a land of loneliness, of savages, of guessed-at hardships and terrors. A land without doctors or even midwives. I wonder how many men would have gone had they been women. A prairie schooner, jolting remorselessly over plain and mountain, wasn't the ideal spot for nausea,

with no slows or stops for the road blocks of antiquity. It has to be more than ghosts among the gimcracks. It has to be more than history faintly inhabited by figures. It has to be people, it has to be personalities, set in a time and place subordinate to them. Perhaps the hardest lesson for us historical novelists, as it is also the hardest lesson for any writer of fiction, is that it isn't event that is important; it is human and individual involvement in and response to event.

We come now to the two great problems, the two great questions to which there are no complete answers. There are only fractional answers. There are only answers at best to specific cases. Shall the historical novelist deal with the actual figures of history, with the actual events, or shall he go outside them? If he goes outside, what shall be his limits?

If he employs the record, what violences, if any, may he do it? May he invent words for the mouths of corpses, may he have dead limbs acting as live limbs never did, may he amend the facts, extend the annals? May he have a soldier survivor on General George Armstrong Custer's battlefield, as one author did?

My answer is my own, and I suppose a part of it already has been given. I don't like to tinker with the facts. I don't like to assume, no matter if I can't actually be proved wrong, that an actual mouth said something or that an actual body did something that has no support in the record. Liberties like these tend to muddy history, as the little story of George Washington and the cherry tree has muddled history. And they seem to me to be almost acts of disrespect, like disfigurements of headstones. If we use the record—I'm talking of known events, known people, known words—then, ideally at any rate, we must let ourselves be the prisoners of it.

But the position poses still another and difficult question. Things don't happen in the shape of novels, not once in an age. They happen haphazardly or anticlimactically or in contradiction to the demands of literary form, with violence to the rule of rising interest and climax and proportion. Fiction isn't fact; it is the representation of fact, which writers hope is truth; and as representation it requires authorial management of the facts. So how can one have a novel if he sticks absolutely to the record? I guess the answer is he can't.

The alternative remains. At least it seems to remain for me. I haven't had to use the record, in the degree, I mean, that we've been talking about. In writing of the mountain man or the traveler to early Oregon, I didn't have to deal with an actual keelboat trip, an actual party of fur hunters, an actual journey across the plains. I could make up my properties, my adventures and my cast, using the real paraphernalia as models for my own, the real adventures only as sugges-

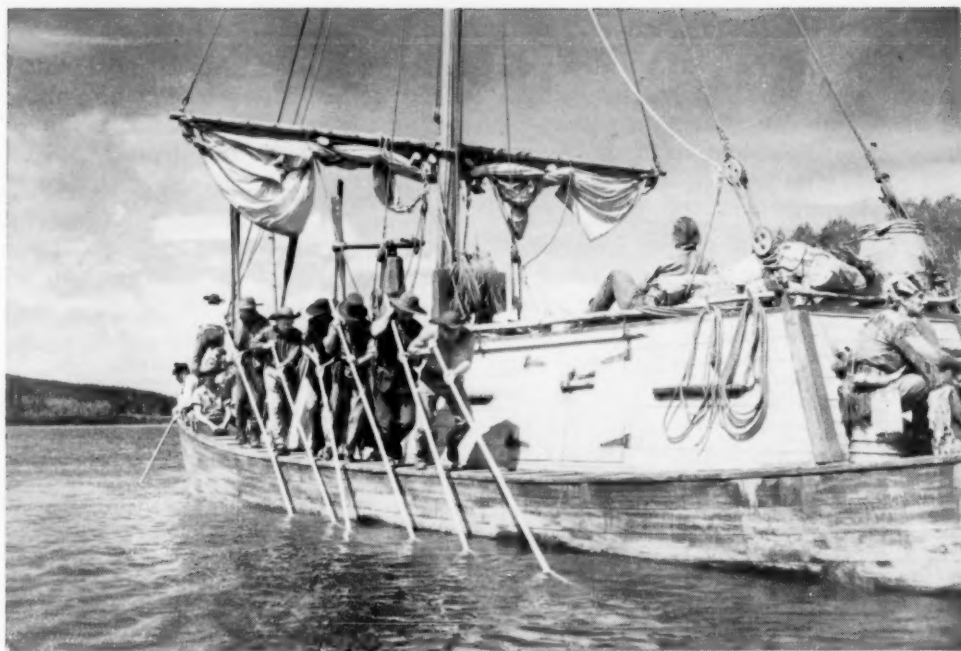
tions, the real characters as background figures, held within the limits of what I could learn of them. As background, the people of history would help to establish time, place, atmosphere, general situation. Besides, they had at least to be mentioned. How could any reference to Jim Bridger or Jed Smith be omitted in the story of the beaver trade?

It probably doesn't need to be said that even this approach involves commitments to fact. The author has to be true to his period and his place. His people have to talk as people did, dress as people did, employ the techniques that people did. The concerns of real people have to be the concerns of his cast. The big events, the big questions, the big conflicts of the times can't be ignored; they must be reflected in the degree that they would have been had his characters been sure-enough persons.

The field is freer, nevertheless, and I think the novelist working in it may discover profits more important than mere convenience. I think he may find his novel is a better novel, a more illuminating novel, a novel really truer to times and people than if he had chosen to star actual event and individual. I don't know but that even the writer without too great a respect for the record would find that to be true. There are limits even to the violences that may be inflicted on history. The writer in this freer field can point up theme by the manipulation of the details in which theme so often is lost. He can underscore significances because he is the master and not the servant of his materials. And so he can give us a story in the round, a story with a beginning and an ending held together by more than the chance chain of episode.

But it isn't easy, even with invented crews and circumstances, to avoid the amendment or enlargement of fact. That is one of the reasons that I said no answers to the problem were complete answers. Somewhere in your story the man of your mind may collide with the





Most Americans who were not fortunate enough to read Mr. Guthrie's fine first novel, "The Big Sky," were able to see it later in the movie version, from which this still photograph was obtained. The replica of the keel boat Mandan, seen here, is now the permanent property of the Historical Society of Montana.

man of history. Somewhere the imagined situation may mix with the real. The man of fact has to speak; the real situation has to be dealt with. So what do you do? Well, I do the best I can. I try to make the man true to character—and I don't let him talk very much. I avoid, if I can, any alteration of situation, even very minor ones. These deviations from the rules I've made for myself don't disprove the rules. The rules are still good. It's just that they're sometimes beyond my reach.

I suppose it can be asked why historical novels should be written at all, aside from the strictly personal and mercenary considerations of the author? The facts of history are there, in histories, for anyone who wants to know them. We know the issues and the events, or we can learn them. And by their recorded actions and utterances we know the men and the kind of men who lived in a given time and place, just as we know a tree by its fruits.

FALL, 1954

Answers to the questions are several. First, not enough history is being taught, not enough is popularly known. The historical novel, if not a defensible substitute for history, still is better than nothing.

And, even if students were taught enough history, and if adults knew enough, the historical novel, it seems to me, could be justified. This is so if only because the good ones clothe the bones of history with flesh and re-create for us the people, problems, passions, conflicts and social directions that, in non-fiction treatment, remain dust for too many of us. Men aren't known by their actions, or let us say that they don't live and breathe and acquire dimension through a knowledge of them alone. Men must be known through the whys of action, too. Understand a man thoroughly, and you can predict how he'll act. The best of the historical novelists seek to do that—to understand men and to acquaint you with them. Thus their ac-



tions become, not accidental or inexplicable, as many actions are, but of a piece with the men themselves. And so actions and men both are real, both persuasive and together illuminative of the record.

At a meeting of historians I hesitate to say what I'm going to, for I am immensely indebted to patient and painstaking men who gathered and put on paper the materials from which I have borrowed. It seems to me, however, that the historical novel may find some support in the unhappy circumstance that so much of history is badly written and hence discouraging to readers. The writers of history, save for half a dozen or so, appear, like other specialists, to be committed to their specialty beyond rightful concern for felicity of expression. To them it is as if facts were all-important and manners of statement trifling and affected, whereas facts without communication are trifling and the indifference to presentation itself affected.

I want to quote here from an excellent leaflet written by Samuel Eliot Morison, the Harvard historian, or, rather, to quote quotations he uses. The leaflet is entitled, "History as a Literary Art." The first quotation is an excerpt from an address made by Theodore Roosevelt before the American Historical Association in 1912. It says of the historian:

"He must ever remember that while the worst offense of which he can be guilty is to write vividly and inaccurately, yet that unless he writes vividly he cannot write truthfully; for no amount of dull, painstaking detail will sum up the whole truth unless the genius is there to paint the truth."

The second expression is from the writings of the late A. N. Whitehead:

"The sense for style . . . is an aesthetic sense, based on admiration for the direct attainment of a foreseen end, simply and without waste. Style in art, style in literature, style in science, style in logic, style in practical execution, have fundamentally the same aesthetic qualities,

namely attainment and restraint. The love of a subject in itself and for itself, where it is not the sleepy pleasure of pacing a mental quarterdeck, is the love of style as manifested in that study.

"Style, in its finest sense, is the last acquirement of the educated mind; it is also the most useful. It pervades the whole being . . . Style is the ultimate morality of mind."

If the historical novel needs a further, and moral, justification, the justification can be found, and in it also a support for the position that not enough history is taught or known. I'm speaking particularly, though not exclusively, of the American historical novel. I believe all of us become better citizens, better and richer human beings, through a familiarity with the dreams and deeds of the men and women who went before us in this adventure that we call the United States of America. I think we cannot appreciate freedom, opportunity, progress, convenience, or obligation, without this understanding of spent hope and sweat and blood and treasure. And I'm afraid most of us don't understand.

I suppose I don't need to mention the pleasures to be found in history; of the day-by-day rewards of an interest in it, of the riches that a knowledge of the past brings to the now, of the feeling of personal position, of oneness with all time that that knowledge gives us. Ben Ames Williams once wrote, "There is no past; the past is now." Only those who have lived the old years through the facts of history and the magic of the imagination can know what he meant.

[THE END]



**W**AS THE Military planning for Montana Territory from 1864-85 a matter of too little, too late and too confused; or was it the product of impossible frontier conditions?



Cover illustration from "Firearms in the Custer Battle," painted in 1952 by Theodore B. Pitman.  
COURTESY JOHN S. DU MONT

## Mercurial Military

By Harold L. McElroy

### A Study of The Central Montana Frontier Army Policy

As the frontier of settlement and farming moved farther and farther west, southeastern Montana became the last hunting ground of the Sioux and allied tribes. From Minnesota in 1862 these Indians had faced annual army campaigns designed to crush their resistance.<sup>1</sup> They eluded total defeat and suppression only by fleeing westward across the Great Plains and into the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. In 1865 they came to the end of their flight, for the mining frontier of Montana and Idaho prevented any further retreat. Faced with this danger and threatened by the frontier of settlement ever creeping in from the east, the red men could foresee only annihilation or subjugation unless they resisted. Small wonder the Sioux gave notice they would block any attempt to invade their last homeland. The Indian's

desperate attempt to maintain freedom forced the army to make a definite policy to open Montana to settlement.

The army did originate several temporary plans between 1862 and 1865. Civilian agitation in 1862 forced them to grant \$5,000 to the "Fisk Expedition" which followed a route across the northern plains from Minnesota to Montana. Captain James L. Fisk led several expeditions over this route which was named the Minnesota-Montana Road.<sup>2</sup> The army did not like the route this road traversed and in 1864 worked out their own program to open and protect routes of travel into the new gold fields of Montana.

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Harold L. McElroy has taught history at Great Falls high school since he obtained his Master's Degree, under Dr. Paul C. Phillips at Montana State University, several years ago. This is his first work to appear in this magazine.

The first of these routes ran almost directly west from Minnesota into the Yellowstone valley of Montana. Four posts were to be established along the route: one at Devil's Lake, a second on the James River, a third on Long Lake, and the fourth about fifty miles above the trading post of Alexander<sup>3</sup> on the Yellowstone. However, General Alfred Sully, who carried out the campaign in 1864, was unable to ascend the Yellowstone River with the two river steamers<sup>4</sup> sent to carry supplies and equipment for the Montana post.<sup>5</sup> In 1865 the road from Minnesota was abandoned in favor of a shorter and more direct route into the mines from the southeast.

This route was known as the Bozeman Trail.<sup>6</sup> It left the Oregon Trail just west of Fort Laramie and ran northwest into the Powder River, Bighorn and Yellowstone valleys. The Sioux blocked the way in the Powder River area and it became the army's duty to remove the obstruction. Two expeditions were organized for this purpose. One column under General P. S. Connor was to defeat the hostiles and establish a defensive post near the headwaters of the Tongue or Powder River. The other, under Colonel James A. Sawyer, was to map the easiest path through the region. Both columns marched toward the Yellowstone early in 1865.

General Connor advanced into the region ahead of the Sawyer group and constructed Fort Connor on the Dry Fork of Powder River. But his campaign into Montana ended in defeat and dismissal. A lack of knowledge of the region, unprecedented pre-winter storms, and constant Indian attack combined to cause his failure.<sup>7</sup> Colonel Sawyer fared somewhat better in his mission. Although leaving his base at Niobrara City with inadequate protection, he successfully mapped a route to Virginia City. His column discovered an easy path as it moved up the South Cheyenne and North Cheyenne toward the Powder River.

North of Fort Connor some Indian trouble was encountered, but few casualties resulted. Upon reaching Virginia City, Sawyer submitted to army headquarters a report showing his entire satisfaction with the path his column had moved over. As the route was about 600 miles shorter than the Minnesota trail and had plenty of wood, water, and grass, he saw no good reason why it would not become the main highway into Montana. He even suggested that \$20,000 be appropriated to complete and shorten the survey.<sup>8</sup>

Much of the work of the survey was ignored, for in 1866 the emphasis on immigration shifted slightly to the west. Part of the Niobrara survey plan had been to combine three alternate routes into one near Fort Connor, as a single road through the danger area could be more easily defended. One route ran from southern Minnesota to the mouth of the Big Cheyenne, then to Fort Connor. The second started at Omaha and joined the third, surveyed by Colonel Sawyer, near the headwaters of the Niobrara. None of these three followed the accepted path of immigration until they reached Fort Connor. Therefore, the army used the

<sup>3</sup> For information on the annual campaigns of 1862, 1863, and 1864, read: Ellis P. Oberholtzer, *A History of the United States Since the Civil War*, (New York, 1917), Vol. I, p. 340. General Alfred Sully, "Expedition Against the Indians in Dakota," *War of the Rebellion, The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, (Washington, 1885), Vol. XXII, Series I, Part I, pp. 555-561. Major General John Pope, "Expedition Against the Sioux Indians in Dakota Territory," *War of the Rebellion, The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, (Washington, 1885), Vol. XLI, Series I, Part I, pp. 135-155. All further references to these records will be noted simply as *Official Records*.

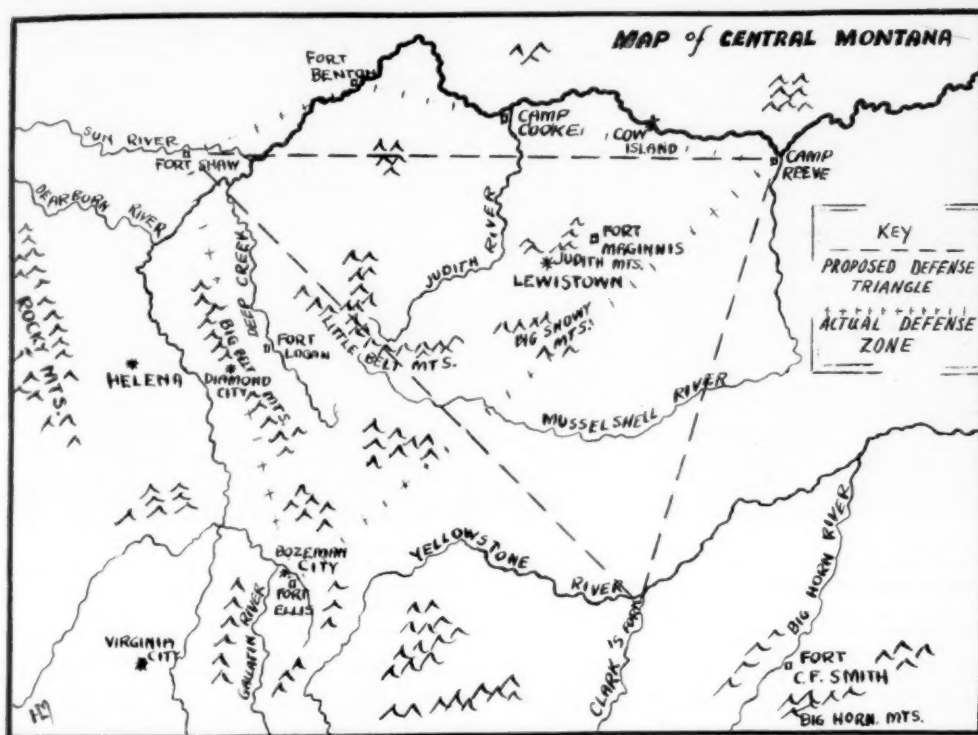
Some of the tribes included were the Unkapas, Sans Arcs, Blackfeet, Minneconjous, Yanktonais Sioux and Santee Sioux.

<sup>7</sup> For a summary of Captain James L. Fisk refer to: Merrill G. Burlingame, *The Montana Frontier*, (Helena, 1942), pp. 134-135.

<sup>8</sup> Fort Alexander was built in 1842 by Charles Lapenteur near the mouth of Armell's Creek.

<sup>4</sup> The two river steamers were the *Chippewa Falls* and the *Alone*, each carrying 50 tons of supplies. A third steamer, the *Island City*, hit a snag and sank near Fort Union.

<sup>5</sup> "Expedition Against the Sioux Indians in Dakota Territory," *op. cit.*, p. 150.



path marked by John Bozeman for the southeastern route into Montana.

Because the Sioux remained to oppose immigration over the Bozeman Trail, a line of posts was constructed to protect the route in 1866. The only fort of this line in Montana was Fort C. F. Smith, although original plans called for a post at the mouth of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone.<sup>9</sup> Lack of troops and intense Indian raids, as well as revised orders, prevented the construction of this fort. Fort Smith's importance in the army policy was only transient as the army was soon forced to give up the trail and its posts.<sup>10</sup> The fort was burned to the ground in 1868 by the Sioux, who had successfully blocked the army's southeastern route into Montana.

When the army abandoned this line of immigration, it was forced to concentrate its attention on the all-water route, the Missouri River. General William T. Sherman<sup>11</sup> did not trust the river as a dependable means of transportation, but joined the miners, trappers, and traders

in its use.<sup>12</sup> This water route was not an innovation, having been inaugurated in 1859 when the riverboat *Chippewa* steamed to within fifteen miles of Fort

<sup>9</sup> Read: Hebard and Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail*, (Cleveland, 1922), Vol. I and II. Also, Merrill G. Burlingame, "John M. Bozeman, Montana Trail-maker," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, March, 1941, pp. 1-28.

<sup>10</sup> "The Powder River Indian Expedition," *House Documents*, Number 369, Part I, First Session, 54th Congress, pp. 329-389.

<sup>11</sup> "Wagon Road from Niobrara City to Virginia City," *House Executive Documents*, Number 58, First Session, 39th Congress, (Washington, 1865), Vol. 8, pp. 11-28.

<sup>12</sup> Secretary of Interior, "Letter of," *Senate Executive Documents*, No. 33, First Session, 50th Congress, 1888, (Washington, 1888), Vol. 1, p. 51, General Order No. 2.

<sup>13</sup> By a treaty of peace with the Indians in 1868, the government agreed that all the country lying east of the Big Horn Mountains should be regarded as the western extension of the Sioux reservation in Dakota. Charles J. Kappler, *U. S. Laws and Statutes*, (Washington, 1903), p. 998.

<sup>14</sup> This is the same William Tecumseh Sherman of Civil War fame. He is probably more noted for his famous "march to the sea" episode. One of his almost fanatical ideas was the importance of the Mississippi waterway to the North during the war.

<sup>15</sup> Major General John Pope, "Report of the Condition and Necessity of the Department of the Missouri," *House Executive Documents*, Number 76, First Session, 39th Congress, Vol. 12, 1866, (Washington, 1866), p. 5.





How these officers of the U. S. Second Cavalry happened to be posed at the foot of Mount Helena is a moot question, as is the date. The 2nd came into the territory originally in 1869 to Fort Ellis. Although cavalry was much more useful than infantry, the foot soldiers prevailed throughout. From an old photo by A. F. Foote, Territorial dentist.

Benton.<sup>13</sup> With the exploitation of the gold fields, traffic on the river had increased by leaps and bounds until it became the main artery of travel into the mining region. The Missouri River route brought the army into Montana with a concrete policy to settle and defend the central part of the territory.

Impetus was given to the army policy by an outburst of killings near Fort Benton in 1865 by Blackfeet Indians. Fighting seemed so imminent that Gad E. Upson, the Indian agent at Benton, demanded immediate army protection.<sup>14</sup> His report, along with others that reached army headquarters, caused General Sherman to state that the only solution was to destroy hostile bands by putting troops along the base of the Rocky Mountains.<sup>15</sup>

Following this line of thought, General Sherman immediately sent inspectors into the territory. Among these men Inspector-General D. B. Sackett, was to investigate conditions along the Missouri River and through Montana and Idaho; also to recommend methods to spur settlement and to suggest ways to defend the people until strong enough to protect

themselves. Sherman was not interested in the mining settlements; he was primarily concerned with the condition of the agricultural element. Some needed army protection, for they had left the safety of the mining areas and gone north into the valleys of the Sun and Dearborn Rivers, or had moved east into the Madison, Gallatin, and Jefferson valleys.<sup>16</sup>

Inspector Sackett left Omaha in May, 1866, traveling up the Missouri by river steamer. He learned from returning trappers of further trouble near Fort Benton and, considering the news of dire importance, recommended to army headquarters that a post be established near there. As he moved into Montana, he gained first-hand information about the country along the Missouri which caused him to revise his recommendation.

Sackett found that fairly good timber extended as far up the Missouri as the mouth of the Musselshell, with some even as far as Cow Island. Beyond this there were few trees except a fairly large stand of cottonwood at the mouth of the Judith. There was some necessity for a post here, as the river steamers were



Although Fort Benton was a vital supply point, an old and active settlement, and the hub of territorial transportation, it never had more than one company of infantry stationed in the military post there. This is a portion of the old fur-trading, rather than military blockhouse.

forced to run slowly up along the river bank to avoid rapids. At Fort Benton there were no trees, grass, or supplies to maintain a post. Sackett also believed that Benton was not the true head of Missouri River navigation. He cited the fact that out of twenty-four steamers that had started for Fort Benton in 1865, only two had reached their destination. If the boats could reach Fort Union, they could reach the Musselshell or even Cow Island, but they might not reach Benton. Of the three sites that might be used for the first Montana post—Fort Benton, the mouth of the Judith, or the Musselshell—Sackett recommended the latter.

While still at Fort Benton, the Inspector-General was startled to read in a Montana newspaper orders designating the First Battalion 13th Infantry Regiment to proceed to Benton to establish a post somewhere in that region. He immediately warned Colonel Isaac V. D. Reeve, who was in command of the Montana territory, that it would be a great mistake to place a post there. Sackett carried his ideas even further, re-emphasized his findings to General Sherman, and recommended placing a second post in Montana at Sun River near its junction with the Missouri. This spot had an abundance of timber, plenty of high grass, good water, and was within striking distance of the stronghold of the Bloods who were in open hostility to the whites. As the location was just halfway between Fort Benton and Helena, it was ideal for protecting the wagon-road between them. It was also just opposite the mouth of Deep Creek,<sup>17</sup> up which lay an excellent natural road into the very heart of the Indian hunting grounds between the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers.<sup>18</sup>

Behind the maneuverings of Inspector Sackett to prevent use of the Fort Ben-



ton site lay the formation of the central Montana policy. Sackett had investigated all of the region along the Missouri as far as Helena and had picked two sites that fitted his plans. A third site on the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone had already been selected<sup>19</sup> and completed his policy to perfection. With these three posts and the Indians' title to the land between removed,<sup>20</sup> all the territory west of a line drawn from the mouth of the Musselshell to the Bighorn would be comparatively safe for white occupation. A defense triangle would be constructed around the fertile valleys in the very heart of Montana. Roads would be established between the posts and patrolled to prevent hostile Indians from entering. "With this," Sackett concluded, "Montana will have all the military protection she will ever require. . ."<sup>21</sup>

The army now had a comprehensive plan before it for the settlement and protection of central Montana. The initial movement toward completing the

<sup>19</sup> For the story of Missouri River navigation read: Hiram M. Chittenden, *History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River*, (New York, 1903), Vol. I and II.

<sup>20</sup> "Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Report of," Annual Report of the Secretary of Interior, *House Executive Documents*, First Session, 39th Congress, (Washington, 1865), Vol. II, p. 434.

<sup>21</sup> "Protection Across the Continent," *House Executive Document*, No. 23, Second Session, 39th Congress, (Washington, 1866), Vol. VI, p. 9.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 20, 21.

<sup>18</sup> The army records use the name Deep Creek for this stream now known as Smith River.

<sup>19</sup> "Protection Across the Continent," *op. cit.*, pp. 21-49.

<sup>20</sup> Refer to footnote 9.

<sup>21</sup> Acting-Governor Meagher informed Sackett that the Crow Indians who claimed the land but had been driven from it by the Sioux were willing to sell it and go on the reservation. "Protection Across the Continent," *op. cit.*



Fort Keogh, in Eastern Montana, is outside the scope of this article. This drawing by H. Streiffel of the 5th U. S. Infantry in 1878, so graphically shows typical activity at a Territorial Military Post, that it was included.

plan was begun in the fall of 1866 when the first troops moved up the Missouri River into Montana. Much against the better judgment of Major William Clinton, who was in command, they were forced to establish a temporary post, Camp Cooke, at the mouth of the Judith. Clinton agreed with Inspector Sackett that the place was not an ideal location for a post, but it had enough timber for a winter camp. Here he stayed with his battalion of the 13th Infantry.<sup>22</sup> While Major Clinton set up only a temporary camp, it became the army's main northern outpost in its Montana policy.

Although it is probable that one company of Clinton's men spent the winter on duty at Fort Benton,<sup>23</sup> little else was done in the army's policy until the next spring. Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H of the 13th spent the winter at the mouth of the Judith, while two more companies of the same unit, I and K, waited at Fort Leavenworth for the spring thaw to open the Missouri to traffic. Two companies of the 30th Infantry, I and K, were also waiting for the thaw to accompany them into the territory. Army procedure was also beginning to mesh its gears, for in January, 1867, the Department of Dakota was divided in two parts. One was known as the Dis-

trict of Minnesota, and the other, to cover Montana, was known as the Upper Missouri District.<sup>24</sup>

In June, 1867, the next step was taken which extended the army policy to its western extremity at Fort Shaw. Companies A, C, D, and F of the 13th Infantry were detached from Camp Cooke and ordered to Sun River to establish a post there. Companies I and K were to accompany them but did not arrive in Montana until later in the summer. When they did arrive, Company K was ordered to stay at the landing at Fort Benton to protect the stores and supplies unloaded there for the Sun River post. Company I continued on to the new site where it assisted the other four companies to construct Fort Shaw.<sup>25</sup>

Camp Cooke served its purpose as a winter camp and should have been abandoned the next summer, but instead it took on a more permanent aspect. This happened in spite of detrimental remarks that had been previously made and were later repeated about the site. In the Fall of 1866, Inspector Frank Hazen, who concurred with Sackett on the location of the Sun River post, remarked, "The post at the mouth of the Judith River is at a point where neither white nor red men ever go, and the location is subject to

ridicule wherever I go."<sup>26</sup> In 1869, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. Holabird who made a reconnaissance through the area reported, "... This unfortunate post is situated ... upon sage bottoms, saturated with alkali. It is entirely overrun with rats ... The Indians have moved away and left it alone."<sup>27</sup>

The army finally decided to abandon the post after it had gradually disintegrated almost to ruin. In the fall of 1869 much of the material and equipment was moved to Fort Benton.<sup>28</sup> The next spring all troops were removed and the post abandoned.<sup>29</sup>

Fort Benton became the site of another attempt to find a suitable location for a post in the northern area. Troops had been stationed there in the winter of 1866-1867 but were removed in the spring. Other troops were continually kept there for several years, however, to guard the supplies which arrived by steamer. In 1869 the army leased the old fort buildings and set up about it a military reservation of 324 square miles.<sup>30</sup> But the post never held more than one company and served only as a depot for goods coming up the Missouri. The old fort buildings were abandoned in 1875, and a camp set up outside the walls.<sup>31</sup> In 1881 Fort Benton was discontinued as a military post.<sup>32</sup>

Competing with Benton as the true head of navigation on the Missouri was the mouth of the Musselshell River. This point was also used for a time as an army camp. Both Sackett and Hazen had recommended it as the site for the northern outpost in the Montana fort system. Hazen tried to have the equipment moved from Camp Cooke to the Musselshell in 1869,<sup>33</sup> but it was moved to Fort Benton instead. Troops were maintained on the Musselshell for some time after Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Nugent and 100 men of the 13th Infantry established a summer camp there in May, 1868.<sup>34</sup> Except for a short period after 1874, the only distinction the site, known as Camp Reeve, ever achieved was that of an an-

nual summer camp. Then a military road, which had been mapped some years before, was completed to Helena.<sup>35</sup> Carroll, the village near the mouth of the Musselshell, became the western terminus of river traffic and the eastern end of wagon hauling. The camp achieved a brief flurry of importance which quickly died out as the necessity of protection from Indians disappeared.

These three camps—Camp Cooke, Fort Benton, and Camp Reeve—each served in some way to fulfill the part of northern outpost in the Montana system. All served either as points of departure for troops or sources for equipment and supplies to the expanding chain of forts. They did not play an important part in direct activity against the hostile Indians. The next post in the line, however, contributed much toward that end.

The Sun River site, Fort Shaw, became the western outpost. It was one of the key points in the protection of central Montana from the Indians of the Blackfoot nation. These tribes—the Piegan, Blackfeet, and especially the Blood—had their homes near the headwaters of the Dearborn and Sun Rivers and were continually slipping down into the settle-

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 49.

<sup>27</sup> Lieutenant General Sherman, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1867, (Washington, 1867), Vol. I, p. 50.

<sup>28</sup> Elliot Coues, *Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri*, (New York, 1898), Vol. II, p. 288.

<sup>29</sup> Lieutenant General Sherman, 1867, *op. cit.*, p. 49.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 48, 49.

<sup>31</sup> General Rusling and Hazen, "Inspection by," *House Executive Documents*, No. 54, Second Session, 39th Congress, 1867, (Washington, 1867), Vol. VII, p. 54.

<sup>32</sup> "Reconnaissance in the Department of Dakota," *Senate Executive Document*, No. 8, Third Session, 41st Congress, (Washington, 1869), Vol. I, p. 7.

<sup>33</sup> Major General Winifred S. Hancock, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1870, (Washington, 1870), Vol. I, p. 27.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 28.

<sup>35</sup> "Reconnaissance in the Dakota," *op. cit.*, p. 30.

<sup>36</sup> Merrill G. Burlingame, *The Montana Frontier*, p. 196.

<sup>37</sup> Brigadier General Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1881, (Washington, 1881), Vol. I, p. 96.

<sup>38</sup> "Reconnaissance in Dakota," *op. cit.*, p. 4.

<sup>39</sup> Brevet Major General Alfred H. Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1868, (Washington, 1868), Vol. I, p. 34.

<sup>40</sup> Brigadier General A. H. Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1874, (Washington, 1874), Vol. I, p. 38.



This log blockhouse at Fort Logan, still standing, is believed to be the only such structure still in existence.

ments of the Gallatin Valley on raids. One of their favorite crossing places of the Missouri was just above the mouth of the Sun. Here the Missouri becomes shallower and easier to cross. The shortest, safest, and most direct route for the marauding Indians was near the mouth of the Sun. The army, therefore, felt that a strong post was necessary at this point.<sup>36</sup>

Fort Shaw was located almost 15 miles west of the Missouri River and about five miles west of the Sun River crossing of the Helena-Benton wagon road. Thus it was placed, as General Sherman had recommended, near the Rocky Mountains and the seat of the Indian trouble in the area—the home of the Blackfeet.<sup>37</sup>

Major William Clinton established the post on June 30, 1867, when he arrived with his men from Camp Cooke.<sup>38</sup> He named the site Camp Reynolds, but it was renamed Fort Shaw on August 1, while still in the process of construction.<sup>39</sup> The fort became one of the most pretentious of the Montana system. It was regimental headquarters of the army in Montana, thus achieving predominant importance.

Yet in spite of the post, the raids of the Blackfeet continued in the Gallatin Valley. Perhaps one reason for this was the fact that only infantry was maintained at the post. When cavalry was needed, it had to be called from other forts. Another reason was that the Indians shifted their crossing of the Missouri to Fort Benton, passing through the Belt Mountains into the Gallatin Valley.<sup>40</sup>

Although the Indians had little respect for the post, it offered some guarantee of safety for settlers in its own vicinity. They moved in large numbers into the valley of the Sun with the army and joined those already there, dotting the landscape with their homesteads.

With the establishment of Fort Shaw, the army completed the second step of its encircling movement of central Montana. Now their control stretched westward along the wagon road from Fort Benton to the foothills of the Rockies. The western frontier had its bastion of defense. All that remained of Inspector Sackett's plan was the curving hand of the army to enclose central Montana in its grasp by extending control to the south and east. This was accomplished when Fort Ellis was constructed.

About one hundred miles to the south of Fort Shaw, the Madison, Gallatin, and Jefferson Rivers unite to form the Missouri. One of these three forks, the Gallatin, flows almost directly from the east. It was on the upper reaches of the Gallatin that the third, and last, of Inspector Sackett's suggested posts was constructed. True, it was in a slightly shifted location, but this fact was due to circumstances which the army could not foresee. Many factors forced minor changes in the army plans in later years similar to this instance.<sup>41</sup> The army had intended to make the last fort in the

<sup>36</sup> "Protection Across the Continent," *op. cit.*, p. 9.

<sup>37</sup> Refer to footnote 15.

<sup>38</sup> Lieutenant General Sherman, 1867, *op. cit.*, pp. 48, 49.

<sup>39</sup> Fort Shaw was named in honor of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, 54th Massachusetts Volunteers, (colored) killed at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.

<sup>40</sup> "Reconnaissance in the Dakota Department," *op. cit.*, p. 6.

<sup>41</sup> Examples are given later in this paper where pressure from miners, settlers and ranchers forced both Fort Logan and Fort Maginnis to be located contrary to army plans.

<sup>42</sup> Refer to footnote 9. Even though this line had been abandoned, Inspector Sackett referred to the third post in his plan as already picked on the upper Yellowstone.



Bozeman Trail line somewhere on the upper reaches of the Yellowstone River.<sup>42</sup> But trouble arose in the Gallatin Valley which rushed the army into building Fort Ellis on the western side of the divide.

After abandoning the line of forts which included Fort Reno, Fetterman, and C. F. Smith, the settlers of the Gallatin Valley were left without protection from the Indians. Easy access was offered raiders into the valley by the passes at the eastern end. When the leading citizen of the settlement, John Bozeman, was killed within thirty miles of one of these passes, terror spread throughout the valley. Homes and possessions were left unprotected as the settlers fled to the towns. Urgent requests were sent to the territorial government in Helena and relayed to the federal government in Washington, D. C. Immediate aid was asked to prevent an Indian invasion of the valley. Volunteer regiments were raised in Montana and rushed into the field to defend the settlers. However, the army did not entirely believe the reports as to the seriousness of the situation and sent an investigator into Mon-

tana to look over the situation. He reported that there was a gross exaggeration of the danger, and the volunteers were asked to stop their campaign.<sup>43</sup> Nevertheless, the volunteers proceeded down the Yellowstone Valley to fight an indecisive battle before disbanding.

To investigate the matter further, General Alfred Terry, who was then in command of the area, came into the territory. His findings agreed with those of the other investigating officer, but he was unable to stop the volunteers before they had moved to the Yellowstone. When he recommended that a fort be established in the Gallatin Valley, General Terry laid the groundwork for the extension of the army into southern Montana. He felt that the agricultural element in that region needed army protection.<sup>44</sup>

Orders for the construction of Fort Ellis were issued from Fort Shaw on August 7, 1867.<sup>45</sup> A site at the eastern

<sup>43</sup> Lieutenant General Sherman, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1867-68*, (Washington, 1868), p. 32.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 33.

<sup>45</sup> Major General Alfred Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1867-68*, (Washington, 1868), Vol. 1, p. 53.



In 1880, Fort Maginnis was established in the Judith Basin—the last of the frontier military establishment for subjugation of the Indian. Here, dimly, the officer's quarters are seen in the background. The officer nearest the camera is Lt. G. C. Doane.





General Phil Sheridan stands beneath the guidon, center. The Generals around him include: Henry E. Davies, David McM. Gregg, Wesley Merritt, A. S. A. Torbert and James H. Wilson. Location and date are not known, but it is believed that this photo was taken in Montana Territory.

end of the valley was picked by Captain E. W. Clift during the summer. It was a good location, only three miles east of Bozeman City, with control over such passes as Trail Creek and Rocky Canyon to the southeast, Bridger Canyon to the northeast, and Flathead and Blackfoot to the north, all within easy patrolling distance.

Actual construction of this post, which was to be predominantly a cavalry post, began in the fall of 1867 under government contract. If any Montana fort could serve as an example of an all-around western outpost, Fort Ellis would have filled the bill. Besides serving as a base for meting out punishment to the Indians, it served almost every other purpose imaginable. Building roads, protecting surveyors, laying telegraph lines, and riding patrol were some of the duties of the men. They even conducted tours of Yellowstone Park for high government officials from Washington, D. C. Besides these duties, however, the men of the post did their share in trying to control the raiding Indians.

With the completion of Fort Ellis, the plan drawn up by Inspector Sackett was complete except for one point. He had been misinformed when Acting Governor Thomas F. Meagher told him that the Indians would give up central Montana and go on the reservation. The line of defense that had reached to its westward extremity at Fort Shaw was now tied

to the southern anchor. The road to Helena from Fort Shaw was patrolled as was the road from Helena to Fort Ellis. A line of defense had been established. Yet there was still Indian trouble in central Montana.

The Blackfeet continued to slip down through the Belt Mountains to raid the Gallatin Valley.<sup>46</sup> These raids annoyed not only the settlers around Bozeman, but also the people in and about Diamond City, a mining boom town which had grown up near the main pass through the Belt Mountains leading to White Sulphur Springs from the west. The continual appearance of the red men made the citizens fear for their safety.

Under the solicitation of the miners and ranchers of the area<sup>47</sup> the army was forced to make an extension of its policy. A temporary camp was established in Smith Valley on November 30, 1869.<sup>48</sup> It was the first of two permanent forts that probed directly into central Montana, hastening the expulsion of the raiders and the settlement of the region.

Camp Baker, as the post was first named, served its purpose so admirably that in 1870 a more suitable location was chosen and work was begun to make it a permanent post. Originally it was intended to be an outpost attached to Fort Ellis, but on the first of May, 1870, it assumed the status of a separate post.<sup>49</sup>

<sup>46</sup> "Reconnaissance in the Dakota Department," *op. cit.*, p. 6.

<sup>47</sup> M. G. Burlingame states that the real demand came from Smith Valley ranchers who wanted a market for their produce. Army reports state it was the demand of the miners from Diamond City.

<sup>48</sup> The post was 13 miles east of Diamond City on the east side of the mountain range so it gave protection to Smith Valley, Diamond City, and White Sulphur. It was named Camp Baker probably after Major E. M. Baker of Fort Ellis. When the post was relocated about five miles north of the original site, it was named Fort Logan for Captain William Logan who was killed in the Battle of the Big Hole.

<sup>49</sup> Major General Hancock, "Report of," 1870, *op. cit.*, p. 28.



When the southern terminus of the Bozeman Trail was left open by abandonment of Forts Reno, Fetterman and C. F. Smith, Montanans urged building of a new post along the Yellowstone. Gen. Terry favored construction of Fort Ellis in the Gallatin Valley, seen here in its heyday.

The usefulness of the fort soon passed and attempts were made to abandon it. However strong local influence kept it activated until 1880.<sup>50</sup> Then Fort Logan, as the post had been renamed in 1877, gave way to the last post in the line which ended directly in the heart of central Montana, Fort Maginnis.

The second extension of the army policy was brought about by the clamor of the people of the Judith Basin.<sup>51</sup> During the decade of the seventies, the population had been gradually increasing in this area. Though the Indian wars of 1876 and 1877 had destroyed the concentrated power of the main Indian tribes of Montana,<sup>52</sup> roving bands in large numbers continued to move about annoying the settlers. Cattle were killed and property was stolen by them.

Since 1875 General Terry had planned to discontinue Fort Logan and to satisfy popular demand for a post farther to the north and east. A location near the forks of the Musselshell had been chosen for the post. But under the agitation of Major Martin Maginnis, the Montana delegate to Congress, and Granville Stuart on whose DHS ranch the fort was constructed, the location was changed to the eastern foot of the Judith Mountains. The post, named in honor of Major Maginnis, was established on August 22, 1880, when Captain Dangerfield Parks and his men arrived with the supplies

and equipment they had removed from the discontinued post, Fort Logan.<sup>53</sup>

Fort Maginnis was the last in the line which opened central Montana. Its function as a protection for settlers did not last long for the roving bands of Indians were fenced on reservations around 1885. The Indian danger was over though soldiers continued to sharpen their shooting eye by sniping away forty rounds a day at tin Indians on the parade grounds.<sup>54</sup>

Although Fort Maginnis completed the fort system of central Montana, three other posts had been constructed outside of the triangular area that aided in central Montana's defense. Forts Keogh and Custer were completed in 1877 to stop the Sioux in the Yellowstone Valley,<sup>55</sup> while Fort Assiniboine was built in 1879 in the Milk River country to prevent In-

<sup>50</sup> Brigadier General Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War*, 1875, (Washington, 1875), Vol. I, p. 62.

<sup>51</sup> Probably the influence of Granville Stuart and his DHS ranch had much to do in this instance.

<sup>52</sup> The Sioux War of 1876 with the tragic Custer incident led to the destruction of the Sioux while in 1877 the Nez Percés' march under Chief Joseph ended in surrender.

<sup>53</sup> "Fort Maginnis, Montana," *House Executive Document*, No. 176, First Session, 47th Congress, (Washington, 1881), Vol. XXII, p. 2.

<sup>54</sup> Paul C. Phillips, (ed.), *Forty Years on the Frontier*, (Cleveland, 1925), Vol. II, p. 220.

<sup>55</sup> Fort Keogh was built on the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Tongue River. Fort Custer was at the junction of the Little Bighorn with the Bighorn River. There were still many Indians on reservations that the army and the people of Montana did not trust and felt these posts gave added protection from other Indian incidents.



Troopers are here grooming their cavalry horses outside the stables at old Fort Maginnis in 1888. The rare photograph was taken by W. H. Culver, of Maiden, M. T., now a Montana ghost camp.

dians from moving into central Montana from Canada.<sup>56</sup>

Yet it was not the fort system alone that cleared the Indians from the defense triangle. Inspector Sackett had suggested a road system that would criss-cross the central area of the territory, tying the posts more closely together and making it more accessible to settlers. General Hazen had also recommended that a system of military roads be constructed. Although both Hazen and Sackett agreed that the mouth of the Musselshell was the true head of navigation of the Missouri and should be the departure point for the roads, they had far different routes in mind.

General Hazen was primarily interested in the route of the Bozeman Trail and wished to supply some of the Trail's posts via the Missouri River. He suggested a road from the Musselshell south to Fort C. F. Smith that would only be 100 miles long with a branch to head west up the Yellowstone Valley into the mining area.<sup>57</sup> Inspector Sackett wished to follow the most direct route to Helena. His plan called for a road to run from the mouth of the Musselshell southwest to the Judith River, pass south of the Belt Mountains, then turn west crossing the Missouri and joining the Mullan Road 15 miles north of Helena. This road would pass through the geographic

center of the territory, and branch roads could be constructed along easy grades to all parts of Montana.<sup>58</sup>

Neither of these plans secured immediate consideration and it was not until 1869 that Inspector Sackett's plan for military roads to intersect the area between the three points in the Montana system got under way.

When Fort Logan was erected, a road was built to connect it with Fort Ellis. This road was continually patrolled and was soon extended to Fort Shaw, bringing these two posts into closer contact. During the same year General W. S. Hancock, who assumed control of the Montana District, became very much interested in the plans for military roads. He came into Montana and after examining the situation made some recommendations of his own.

General Hancock suggested a survey be made to connect Fort Logan and Ellis with Fort Benton. He also suggested that a road be made to connect the Gallatin Valley with the true head of navigation, the mouth of the Musselshell.<sup>59</sup>

<sup>56</sup> Fort Assiniboine was situated just six miles south of Havre. It was also to watch the reservation Indian of northern and eastern Montana.

<sup>57</sup> "Inspection by General Rusling and Hazen," *op. cit.*, p. 2.

<sup>58</sup> "Protection Across the Continent," *op. cit.*, p. 47.

<sup>59</sup> Major General Hancock, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1869*, (Washington, 1869), Vol. 1, p. 62.

He instructed Captain E. W. Clift of the 13th Infantry at Fort Ellis to explore the country between Fort Ellis and the mouth of the Musselshell, and the country between Helena and the same point. Hancock had in mind the use of one road for a considerable distance from the Musselshell. The road would fork somewhere in the Judith Basin with one branch to turn south to Fort Ellis and the other to continue on west to Helena. This road would be used not only to facilitate commerce and settlement but would be a line against Indians coming into the settlements from the south.

After Captain Clift had completed the survey, General Hancock found his plan was entirely feasible and decided to put two temporary posts along the route—one at the fork of the road in the Judith Basin and the other at the mouth of the Musselshell. When the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad was determined,<sup>60</sup> one of the posts could be made of a more permanent nature.<sup>61</sup> However, five years elapsed before anything was done about the Clift survey.

In 1874 General Terry resumed control of Montana and was informed that a road was to be constructed to Carroll from Helena. He was asked for military escorts to protect wagons along the

route and for soldiers to protect Carroll. General Terry was convinced that the road would be quite beneficial to Montana. He felt that although the distance from Fort Benton to Helena was but 140 miles while the distance from the mouth of the Musselshell to the same point was 210 miles, the avoidance of 350 miles of extremely difficult navigation between the two points on the river would make the new route by far the most economical. In addition, the season during which the steamers could carry freight into Montana would be lengthened two months.

Consequently, General Terry cooperated with the parties inaugurating the road and provided protection for the first wagon trains. A summer camp of one company was posted at Carroll, and another company encamped at Big Spring Creek<sup>62</sup> about halfway between Carroll and Fort Logan.<sup>63</sup> Continued protection was given the road except for the years 1876 and 1877 when all available men were gathered to fight first

<sup>60</sup> The Northern Pacific Railroad was chartered in 1864 and work begun on it in 1870. Several surveys were made during 1871, 1872, and 1873 in Montana that were escorted by troops from Fort Ellis.

<sup>61</sup> Major General Hancock, "Report of," 1869, *op. cit.*, pp. 60-69.

<sup>62</sup> This is the present site of Lewistown then known as Camp Lewis.

<sup>63</sup> Brigadier General Terry, "Report of," *Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1874-75*, (Washington, 1875), Vol. I, p. 38.



Another photograph by Culver, taken outside of Fort Maginnis, shows cavalry troops scouting for Indians in the mountains near the Judith Basin.

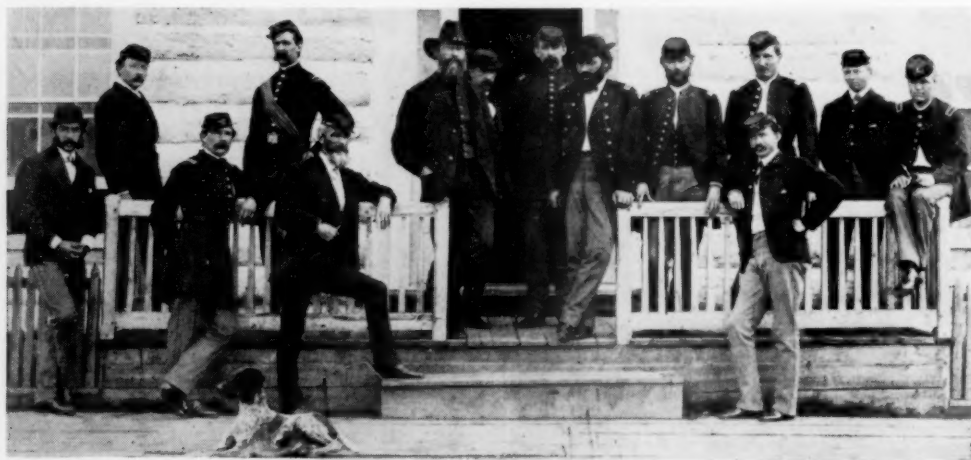




The showy soldier, left, was not a General. He wears the elaborate ceremonial garb of a Drum Major, 22nd Infantry, U. S. A., 1893.



Right, however, is a famed General of the Montana Indian campaigns, Nelson A. Miles, in winter garb while serving as a Colonel of the 5th Infantry in Montana Territory.



This fine photograph is of Lt. Col. Baker and some of his officers at Fort Ellis, M. T., in 1871. It was taken by the great frontier photographer, W. H. Jackson. Baker stands in the center, right, with his left hand on the railing. Note the alert, blooded bird-dog in foreground.





This photograph of the scattered adobe ruins of old Fort C. F. Smith was presented to the Historical Society in 1951 by Schneiders Confectionery, Hardin, with enlargement by Jack E. Haynes.

Sitting Bull and then Chief Joseph. After the defeat of these Indians the road was patrolled again. The route of the road is best described by the report of Captain William Ludlow who traversed it in 1875.

At Camp Baker, fifty-two miles east of Helena, is a permanent garrison of two companies of infantry; at the forks of the Musselshell, fifty-six miles farther east, is a summer camp of two companies of infantry and one of cavalry; at the Judith gap, thirty miles farther, is a detachment of eighteen or twenty men; and at Camp Lewis, thirty miles farther and seventy-five miles out of Carroll, is another summer garrison of two companies of infantry, from which a small detachment guards the stage-station at Box Elder, forty miles out of Carroll.<sup>64</sup>

The rest of the road system came into existence with the final post, Fort Maginnis. As it was in the very center of

the territory, roads came into it from every point. To the north a landing, named Rocky Point, was made on the Missouri and a road was constructed and maintained to that point.<sup>65</sup> To the south a road was constructed to Custer station on the Yellowstone with coaches traveling the route three times weekly.<sup>66</sup> White Sulphur Springs to the west, as well as Martinsdale and Maiden, were also connected to Maginnis with military roads.

However, by 1882 when the latter roads had been constructed, the military frontier was drawing to an end in Montana. The farmers and ranchers became dissatisfied with army inefficiency.<sup>67</sup> They took matters in their own hands and any Indian caught stealing was hanged in rough western style. By this time the Indian was not powerful enough to retaliate. It was without regret that the settlers watched the troops leave Fort Maginnis, the last of the central Montana posts. Their need for protection was gone. The fertile valleys of central Montana had been opened and protected from the Indian menace. The white settlers ranged one of the Indians' last hunting grounds in peace and safety.

[THE END]

<sup>64</sup> Captain William Ludlow, "Report of a Reconnaissance from Carroll, Montana Territory on the Upper Missouri to the Yellowstone National Park and Return," (Washington, 1876), p. 13.

<sup>65</sup> General Terry, "Report of," Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1882, *House Executive Documents*, No. I, Second Session, 47th Congress, Part 2, Vol. I, p. 87.

<sup>66</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 95.

<sup>67</sup> Paul C. Phillips, *op. cit.*, Vol. II.



# FRONTIER FRIEND

## Classic Account Of An Early Montana Dog

The Indians always had an abundance of dogs, as indicated in this early E. S. Paxson painting.

It was late in July, 1872, and late afternoon, when I rode up to George Warner's house on Flat Creek, in northern Montana. After greeting my comrade, who sat in meditation on a pine log, I unsaddled my horse and turned him loose in the valley, and then sat down by Warner's side to enjoy the glories of a Rocky Mountain sunset.

The soft, gray light of the plains blended in the distance with the purple tints hanging over the mountain glens lying in the shade of lofty, snow-clad peaks. The silence of the plains was absolute. Between us and the precipitous walls of the foothills antelope grazed. A few cattle walked in file toward the water holes for their evening draught. My horse joined a small herd of horses that were feeding in the valley below us. They gathered together compactly, to talk,

probably. Soon they differed and fought, and my horse was promptly kicked out of the herd. I noticed these incidents lazily, unconsciously almost, as I sat with chin on knee-supported arms, watching the light fade from the serrated crest of the mountains.

The silence was broken by a heavy pat, pat, pat on the porch behind us. I turned and saw a large, handsome half-blood stag hound walking on the porch. In his mouth he carried a billet of firewood. Seeing me he stopped, and with his head high in the air looked intently at me for an instant, and then resumed his walk. Slowly he stepped off the porch and walked around the end of the log nearest to Warner and stood motionless before him. My comrade's voice thrilled with affection; or it may have been the unspoken recollections of the

**S**INCE primitive man first domesticated the dog, that animal has been extolled as a best friend. Of course there were many dogs in the early Western Frontier, but seldom were their antics or virtues recorded for posterity. Here is one of the few written tributes, devoted to a canine, in early Montana history.

From the SUN RIVER SUN, Sun River, M. T., Sept. 18, 1884.



This photographic reproduction is from a portion of the C. M. Russell painting "Last Chance or Bust." Dogs, like every other prized family possession, came with the emigrants across the prairies.

past conjured up the silent and mysterious power of the highland that affected his tones as he said, lovingly: "Mose, old boy."

After looking affectionately at Warner and disapprovingly at me, the dog dropped the billet of wood, and then, holding it firmly with his powerful paw he made a pretense of knawing it, as though it were a marrow bone, looking appealing at his master the while. My comrade stroked the animal's head and smiled as he said: "Mose, I suspect that you are a fraud. You know you are not hungry. Are you not ashamed to bring that stick here and pretend to eat it? You are trying to convey the impression that I starve you. What will my friend, a stranger to you, Mose, think of me, you wretched dog?"

While Warner was speaking Mose looked into his eyes, his face beaming with love. His expression was almost human in intelligence. Lovingly Warner looked at the dog for an instant and

then he inquired, "Are you really hungry, Mose?" For answer the dog worried the stick as though he would devour it. Warner arose and said, "Come and eat, you humbug." They disappeared around the house in the direction of the pegs on which antelope were hanging. I heard my friend talk to the dog as he fed him as one talks to a child, questioning him as to whether he had had enough, admonishing him not to bolt his food, lecturing him on the vulgarity of greediness. Presently Mose came around the corner of the house, and walking to me, thrust his nose into my hand and smelled of it inquiringly. Then, after looking me full in the face for an instant, he laid his long head on my knee and sedately wagged his tail as I smoothed his forehead and talked to him as dogs love to be talked to.

I have owned and loved one brown-eyed setter bitch that had frequently exhibited quite a high order of reasoning power. But I have owned and heart-



A dog was an important part of the life of the early settler and no one knew it better than C. M. Russell when he painted "The First Furrow."

ily disliked and promptly killed two score of beetle-headed dogs; wretched, semi-idiotic creatures that bayed at the moon, set rabbits in the field, and sucked eggs assiduously when off duty. But Mose surpassed all other dogs I have seen in intelligence. He was modest, courageous, honest and loving. He was a far more agreeable companion than many men I have camped with.

The morning after my introduction to the dog we started on our journey into the land of the Blackfeet, Warner, I, and Mose. The dog trotted after our horses. Occasionally he relieved the monotony of the trail and expended the surplus of his animal spirits by short combats with intercepted badgers that he artfully worried into intense rage and then allowed to escape. After one of these sham fights Mose would cock up his head and look at us, as much as to say: "Great sport, eh? That fellow smelled very badly; worse than usual, I believe. Did you see him back into his hole?" and he would leap high in the air and bark loudly with delight. I noticed that Mose was careful not to close with the badgers. He simply teased them. I doubted his courage, and

asked Warner if he could kill the animals. My friend smiled scornfully and refused to answer the absurd question. The next badger Mose artfully cut off from his hole was unfortunate. The dog was having great fun in making pretenses of furious onslaughts on the vile-smelling animal, when Warner said, lowly, "Kill him, Mose." Instantly Mose closed with his antagonist. There was a crunching of bones between powerful jaws, and the dead animal was tossed aside. Kill badgers, indeed, as a terrier does rats!

Toward evening we crossed a divide, on the northern slope of which a small herd of antelope were feeding. Warner's rifle flew to his shoulder and cracked sharply. Instantly the animals were in flight. The shot was long, and I feared my companion had missed. When the gun cracked Mose bounded forward and seated himself on his haunches by Warner's side, and looked attentively at the running antelope. Suddenly he leaped and was running at full speed in pursuit. "Follow the dog," Warner cried, as I rode after Mose. "He would not course if the antelope was not wounded."

Weeks of experience proved the truth of my friend's assertion. When one of our rifles cracked Mose was enormously interested in the result of the shot. He would study the fleeing animals until he saw which one was wounded, and that one he would run down; but if he was satisfied that the shot was unsuccessful he would not course. He would look at us, I used to think, sympathetically, as much as to say: "That's all right. You must not expect to kill every time. We'll find another one pretty soon, and I know we'll capture that one," and the gentlemanly creature would wag his tail and feign a joy he did not feel, and promptly distract your thoughts and relieve his own feelings by worrying the next badger he found.



When Mose was a young dog, just out of his puppyhood, he caught a wounded antelope after a long chase. Warner lost sight of the chase in the intricacies of the hills. An hour passed before he found the game. When he arrived at the spot where the dead animal lay he was horrified at the rotund appearance of his dog and the disappearance of a large portion of the antelope. Mose had eaten the prized brisket. This crime Warner punished severely. After that Mose would never eat in the field. Often I have stood over dead game and offered him bits of meat. Invariably his high-curved tail became pendent, his head sank, his ears drooped, and the light and joy faded from his face. He would lie down at a little distance from us and look reproachfully, sorrowfully, even, at us, as though saying: "I am disappointed in you. I think it ungentlemanly in you two to laugh at me and recall my shame and disgrace." And he would sigh deeply. But when camp was made, Mose was always hungry and if not promptly fed would carry a stick to the fire and there lie and pretend to eat it.

In the morning, after breakfast had been eaten, the horses saddled, and the burden placed on the pack animal, Mose would beat the camping ground for overlooked articles, as a setter dog does a patch of grass for a scent-withholding quail. An overlooked knife, or spoon, or spur, or pipe, or even a twig that had been used as a whip the previous day, would be picked up and delivered to Warner. When he was satisfied that nothing had been left, he would caper and twist himself and bark for joy. One evening, as we descended into the Milk River valley, Warner discovered that his knife and sheath had fallen from his belt. He called Mose. The dog reared and placed his forepaws on Warner's thighs as he sat in the saddle, and looked earnestly in his master's face. My friend talked to him as he would to a man, telling of his loss. Then with outstretched arm, pointing back over the wind-swept divide we

had just crossed, he said, "Go find it." Mose dropped to his feet and started back. We went on to the river and made our camp. In about two hours Mose leaped into camp with the leathern sheath of the knife in his mouth, and gave it into Warner's hand. With inef-fable scorn he looked at Mose as though he expected to sprout donkey ears. He savagely told Mose that he was the greatest ass in the Rocky Mountains. Then holding the empty sheath before the dog's eyes, he sternly said: "Where is the knife?" and he added: "Go back, you donkey, and find the knife you allowed to slip from the sheath." The dog turned and disappeared in the darkness. In less than an hour he returned with the knife in his mouth. I now understood why Mose so carefully searched the camp each morning. Experience had taught him that Warner would send him back for any article that had been overlooked. And Mose, being a sociable dog and not fond of lonely trips across the plains and over the hills, behind which savage gray wolves lurked, took good care that nothing was left in the abandoned camp.

Mose was noisy. He dearly loved the sound of his own voice. His spirits were always high. He chased jack rabbits; he pursued coyotes; he coursed swifts; he tormented badgers; he avoided gray wolves; he barked at game of nights.

One evening we rode into the Marias valley. Stamped into the clay by the edge of the water were the fresh prints of many moccasined feet. We were among hostile Indians. Warner and I dismounted and examined the tracks. Mose smelled of them. That night, after it was dark, we rode northward and made a dry camp among the hills. After our horses were picketed Warner carried a saddle blanket to the top of a hill nearby that overlooked our camp, and there spread it. He told Mose to lie there and guard the camp, and he added to his instructions the caution, "No more noises from this on, Mose." I never again heard that dog's voice. Nightly he watched



Again in "Women of the Plains," the tribe's dogs were prominent.

our camp in silence. The approach of game that he could not make out, such as buffalo in the distance and traveling antelope, he announced by waking Warner. Often while lying on the northern plains I have awakened with a start and a keen sense of the presence of danger to see Warner, rifle in hand, and Mose at his side, gazing intently into the darkness. The dog understood that his bark might betray our camp. Mose became a solemn dog. He quit playing with badgers; he stuck close to the horses when we were on the trail; he lost all desire to explore the crests of the divides or to admire the scenery from the top of foot hills. The low valleys and tiny draws that hid us from the sharp eyes of the Blackfeet, suited Mose, too. He felt the presence of danger, and understood that we were careful because it was essential to our safety.

Late in August the trading post of Healy Bros. and Hamilton, at Whoop Up on the Belly River, sheltered us. There we lost Mose. Dogs as well as men have their hours of weakness. Mose was of ardent temperament. He fell a victim to the wiles of a fair, golden-haired, dark-eyed female of his species, and was lured by her into the Piegan camp. The children of the plains, having secured the dog by honest thrift and finished craft, refused to surrender him to Warner when he entered their camp, and they told him they would kill him if he came after the dog again. The

tears stood in the brave gentleman's eyes when he returned to the trading post. The descendants of Mose are famous among the Blackfeet for sledge dogs.

On my return to civilization Mose gradually faded from my memory. One day last winter I met Joe Healy on Broadway. During our talk he told me that Mose was still alive. He made the trading post his headquarters, but visited in the Indian camps a great portion of the time. He grew in intelligence as the years rolled by. Healy told me that Mose could not talk or read or write, and that he might be a little rusty in mathematics, but that he knew more than many men, and that he was a most delightful comrade under any circumstances.

Today I received a letter from Healy, written at Silver City, Northwest Territory. Let it speak for itself:

"I lost a good and true friend this past winter. You knew him well. Old Mose of Whoop Up is dead. He was sensible to the last. He knew his time had come. Some of the men found him digging his own grave outside of the fort. They carried him into the building. That night he escaped, and the next morning was found dead in the grave he had digged. [Sic] The men made for him a coffin, and buried him at the spot he had chosen. I have erected a slab over him, and inscribed on it: 'Here lies Mose. He will hunt no more'."—Frank Wilkeson.

[THE END]

Daniel E. Bandmann, 1840-1905

# Sheakesperean Stockman

Edited by Rufus A. Coleman

Daniel Edward Bandmann (1840-1905) was one of the colorful personalities of Montana history before the turn of the 20th Century.

Prior to this, in the 1870's and '80's, Bandmann was among the famous names of the American theater. As a young actor in the German Theater of New York City, he speedily proved so proficient in languages, as well as dramatic ability, that he was elevated to leading roles in English. Many prominent artists of the day were at one time or another members of Bandmann's company. These included Cyril Maude, Maurice Barrymore, Forbes Robertson, James O'Neill, E. L. Davenport, William S. Hart of the silent movies, Clara Morris, Louis Baudet, Millicent Palmer, and many others. He and his troupe visited Canada, England and the continent many times. He made one trip to the Far East and Australia in 1879, and a previous journey, nine years earlier, to the land "down under." Probably his most popular roles were those of Hamlet, Shylock, Richard III, Narcisse, Richelieu, and the double role of Jekyll and Hyde.

When Bandmann arrived at Missoula in the summer of 1884 for the grand opening of John Maguire's Opera House, he was more interested in becoming a rancher than in continuing as a noted Shakespearean actor. Thereafter, to all intents and purposes, he appears to have abandoned the professional stage, save for an occasional short tour, dramatic readings in vaudeville, or presentation of plays as the head of amateur groups. For a few years he conducted what he termed a "School of Drama" at his ranch near Missoula. Here, among lesser lights, Julia Arthur received her first dramatic instructions.

As might be expected, once he abandoned the professional field in which he was talented and trained, Bandmann's glamorous and resplendent years were behind him. He was never successful—financially at least—in raising his pure-blood cattle, horses and even chickens and hogs. In the great panic of 1893 he suffered severe monetary losses. Nevertheless he plodded along in the dreary field of agriculture, and his talents manifest themselves in the advance of horticulture, too. For some years he was an ardent member and officer of the Montana Horticultural Society, and as such he contributed much to elimination of the blight of the codling moth from the apple orchards of the fertile Bitterroot Valley.

But Daniel Bandmann's talent lay in the world of make-believe, not in the ruthless world of frontier development. In the rough, realistic, raw-boned West he was definitely an eccentric. In consequence, he often carried personal historicities and frustrations into the store and the street. To most Montanans of the day, he seemed "queer," "cranky" and out-of-place.

Mrs. Bandmann, formerly Mary Kelly of San Francisco and an actress of merit, died in Spokane in 1949. She left behind one son and three daughters.

The reminiscences which follow appeared in the BUTTE MINER of December 21, 1902. They constitute a candid and rather unusual account of a cosmopolitan who chose, by whim, to lead the life of a Western rancher. Except for documentation by footnotes, this is the exact article as it appeared:

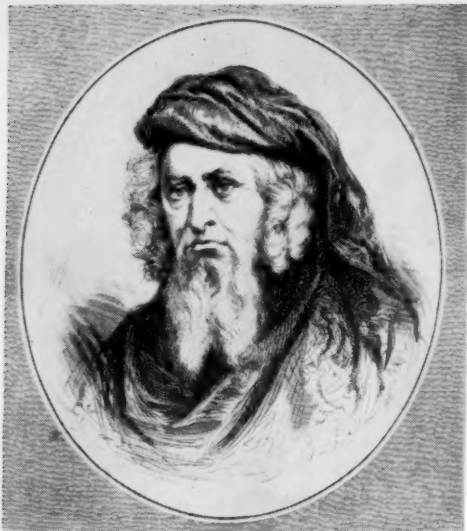
## HOW I BECAME A STOCKMAN IN MONTANA

"Many a time and oft"<sup>1</sup> have I been asked: How is it that you departed from your vocation as an actor and took to that of a rancher and stockraiser in Montana?

I might answer with Touchstone in *As You Like It*, "It is me humor to take what no man else will,"<sup>2</sup> but that would be neither courteous nor true, for it is a fact that stockraisers are (as a rule) whole-souled good fellows.

Tennyson says: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,"<sup>3</sup> but I say nature turns in "the sear and yellow leaf"<sup>4</sup> our fancy to the mother earth.

I was not yet in the sear and yellow leaf,<sup>4</sup> nor do I consider myself now in that stage, though during my whole life as an artist my soul was always directed towards nature and the love of beautiful and useful animals. I have stood for hours before Rosa Bonheur's<sup>5</sup> famous picture, "The Horse Market," in "Nogent le Retrou,"<sup>6</sup> and admired its marvelous power and beauty. The Smithfield cattle show in London attracted my fancy whilst playing there every year, and the black and white of the Netherlands charmed me in my travels through that country, and an innate desire from my earliest years took posses-



An early engraving of Mr. Bandmann as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

sion of me, that some day I might become a farmer and a stockraiser.

In 1884, while playing an engagement in Grand Island, Nebraska, a man by the name of La Frantz called upon me and presented himself as the private secretary and confidential adviser of Alexander Swan,<sup>7</sup> then the "Cattle King" of Wyoming.

He talked Shakespeare and poetry to me, but as I heard of his occupation I asked him to drop Shakespeare and talk cattle. His face gleamed with pleasure and it seemed as if he was only too anxious to comply with my wish. He set the ball rolling at once, telling me of the wonderful fortunes that were made in stockraising in Wyoming, and that people who had invested only a few thousands had doubled and trebled their investments in a few years.

The old "gag" that cattle would grow and calves would be born while you were asleep, was not left out of his vocabulary, and the touting of a book agent was baby talk to the eloquence of this magnificent promoter.

He would introduce me to this great "cattle king," Alex Swan, and I would surely find him a marvelous man, which, to my great sorrow, a few years later, I did.

Without anticipating my story, I had just come from a prosperous tour around the world and had made a considerable

sum of money, which was deposited in the Bank of New South Wales and Victoria, which these clever schemers seemed to know.

On my arrival in New York I was introduced to Alex Swan and I must confess that his appearance and manners impressed me greatly.

He was a man over six feet in height, broad-shouldered with open countenance, blue eyes, dark blonde hair, slightly gray, with the perfect "debonnair" of a gentleman and man of the world. He was what one would call at that time a great promoter.

No man in Wyoming had done more for his territory and brought more capital into it than Alex Swan.

He went to Scotland and got the "canny" Scotchmen to organize a company called the Swan Land and Cattle Company, with a capital of \$250,000. He invited all the fortunate or unfortunate possessors of a few thousand dollars, no matter whether widows or orphans, to invest in this gigantic scheme, and the anxiety in the early '80's to invest in cattle schemes was so great that the people could not get rid of their money quickly enough. And, strange as it may seem,

<sup>1</sup> *Merchant of Venice* I, 3. Shylock here berates Antonio for past mistreatment.

<sup>2</sup> *As You Like It*, V, 4. The quotation is inexact.

<sup>3</sup> Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, (1842), l. 20.

<sup>4</sup> *Macbeth* V, 3.

<sup>5</sup> French animal painter (1822-99).

<sup>6</sup> A town in France about 100 miles southwest of Paris. It lies in the district of Perche, the place where Percheron horses originated. See note 31, for another reference.

<sup>7</sup> Organized early in 1883, *The Swan Land and Cattle Company, Ltd.*, in a few years, grew to mammoth proportions. Though listed only as American representative and secretary, Alexander Swan seems to have been the chief motivating force. Its officers included businessmen and bankers from England and Scotland as well as from America. The annual report (1883) listed capital at \$600,000, in 60,000 shares at 10 pounds each. Swan himself went into bankruptcy in May, 1887. See John Clay, *My Life on the Range* (Chicago, privately printed, 1924), 200-209; Louis Pelzer, *The Cattleman's Frontier* (Arthur L. Clark, Glendale, Cal., 1936), 108-9; and Virginia C. Trenholm, *Footprints on the Frontier* (Douglas Enterprise Company, Douglas, Wyoming, 1945), 166-8.



Bandmann as a young man starting his theatrical career in New York City.

the largest proportion was among the clergymen, who in their greed showed a remarkable lack of judgment.

This craze ran rampant throughout the east for western cattle investments, and Alex was at the head of the "plungers." President of the Cheyenne First National Bank, president of the Swan Land Company, president of the Wyoming Hereford Company, promoter and organizer of the East Omaha Stock Yards, etc., etc.

But there was also a humorous side to his nature. He could play capital jokes. One of these he practiced on his son-in-law.

Alex wanted to be generous when he gave his daughter to a rich cattleman, so he presented her with a beautiful home, as a marriage gift, which cost him \$2,500.

When his son-in-law had occasion to examine the abstract he found that the First National (of which Alex was president) held a mortgage of \$5,000 on the property and Alex made by that little transaction just \$2,500.

Alex Swan was not the only man who promoted cattle investments in Wyoming. There was the genial gentleman, William Oelrich, the brother of Herman Oelrich, of New York, who was president of the American Cattle and Stock Company, and lived eight miles out of Cheyenne, like a prince in a palatial home, entertaining all the prominent people who came to Cheyenne and in the meantime pulling their legs for shares in his company.

Oelrich was too much of a "bon-vivant" and too fond of a good dinner, a good bottle and a good cigar; in fact, too much of an all-round jolly good fellow to last long. He had to sell yearlings to make a show with dividends and every stock-grower knows that such work won't last. I remember one of the most pleasant evenings, I may say night, I spent in his country home. He called for me and a party of a dozen more in his tally-ho, which he drove himself, behind four



magnificent Cleveland bays, and arriving at his charming castle I was introduced to no less a personage than the Jersey Lily, the famous Miss Lillian Langtry.<sup>8</sup>

She had played an engagement a few days before me in Cheyenne and spent several days for recreation on "Billy's" stockfarm. She was, indeed, a very beautiful woman. I had seen her graceful figure on the stage before, and I found her as queenly and graceful at that dinner party as in any of her impersonations that I had witnessed and enjoyed.

I was struck with the luxury, elegance and refinement of that party. The menu, which was prepared by a French chef, whom Oelrich's brother had sent from New York, was artistic; the flowers, raised in a Denver hothouse, were of the most elegant and variegated colors; the service was perfect and the wine unequaled.

Need I say that the wit and "bon-homme" of "esprit de corps" was all that could be desired? I felt bewildered to think that stockraising in Wyoming could throw off such magnificent results.

<sup>8</sup>Oelrich Brothers and Company was organized in 1878 at Rawhide, Wyoming; later organized the International Company for \$205,000 paid up stock. Afterwards organized the Anglo-American Company, \$800,000. Had ranches in Hat Creek, Cheyenne River and Horse Head, now in Niobrara County. (Note furnished by Miss Mary J. Carpenter, Librarian of the Carnegie Public Library, Cheyenne, Wyoming.) There is also mention of Oelrich in a book by Struthers Burt entitled, *Powder River; Let 'er Buck*.

But who paid all this extravagance? The poor fools who, when the crash came, found out their folly.

It is an actual fact that during this period Cheyenne was considered for its population the richest city of its size.<sup>9</sup> Capital found its way there from all parts of the world. But the actual property was on the books and not on the ranges.

Companies were rated with thousands of heads of cattle which, in reality, did not number as many hundreds.

There was a joke related of an Irishman who was a member of the Cheyenne club, who on a blizzard night, on entering the club made the following remark: "Great Caesar, boys, this is a terrible night; kape the books warm, kape the books warm."

But, my dear reader, I am deviating from my subject. I was one of the fools who was caught by Alex Swan's bait, and invested \$20,000 in his various enterprises, which I lost a few years later, when Alex Swan failed for the small sum of \$720,000.

When in 1884 I made this investment with Alex Swan, I was to the extent of \$20,000 part owner of some cattle, that is, I held shares in the Swan Land and Cattle company and the Wyoming Hereford company.

But this did not thoroughly satisfy my ambition. I wanted to have cattle of my own, and my ambition was soon to be gratified.

In July, 1884, my good or evil genius brought me to Missoula to have the honor of opening John Maguire's Grand Opera House.<sup>10</sup> This grand and magnificent building which our genial John opened to a grateful public, was, indeed, worthy of his genius.

It was an old livery stable which John had turned into a "Thespian temple." John must have spent the munificent sum of at least \$33 on it with the addition of the expense of the transportation of the original scenery unequalled in the West, brought from Renshaw hall,<sup>11</sup> Butte. There were also wooden benches.

But John did not think it necessary to remove the manure pile, over which he erected his stage, and I shall never forget the evening of my performance as Hamlet.

When the ghost descended through the trap door, the smell of well-rotted manure of two or three years' standing, that greeted my nostrils was so terrible that I might have exclaimed with Falstaff, "That it was the most damnable putrid and offensive odor,"<sup>12</sup> sufficient to knock a man down and to gather up enough poesy to finish the act.

Under such trying circumstances it was no easy task. But I gathered up courage and tried to lose myself in the part and to forget the diabolical smell. My agony was beyond expression, yet I dared not look into the scenes, for every member of the company was in the same plight.

Standing with hands tightly squeezed to their noses, they reminded me of the famous statue of "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup>"In 1888, when the East Helena smelter replaced that at Wickes, Helena was a great mining center and was said to be the richest city per capita in the United States, numbering among its residents some fifty millionaires." *Montana: A State Guide Book*, The Viking Press, N. Y. 1939.

<sup>10</sup>Mr. Claude Elder of Missoula, who knows much about local theater, believes that this opera house was located on the south side of West Main Street, next to the present fire station. The following citation is of interest:

"The work on Maguire's Opera House has been finished and it is now a very creditable hall. The walls have been tastily papered, the ceiling made higher, good ventilation provided for, raised seats placed in position with chairs in the parquette, and other improvements made. The stage is twenty-five feet deep, and is now provided with scenery, directing-rooms, etc. The hall will seat about 450 people. It will be formally opened on Thursday, June 5th, at which time will appear Herr Bandmann, the eminent German tragedian, assisted by Miss Louise Baudet and an excellent company. Our citizens will doubtless fill the house to overflowing on that occasion." (*Weekly Missoulian*, May 30, 1884.) For an excellent article on Maguire, see Archie L. Clark, "John Maguire, Butte's Belasco," *Montana Magazine of History* II, 33-40, January, 1952.

Miss Virginia Walton of the State Historical Library was kind enough to send me the following newspaper coverage:

"... The Bandmann Company closed its engagement last night (Thursday) with Narcisse, which was given by special request of a number of people. From several persons who have seen Herr Bandmann in this play, we understand that it is his best

The attractive Mary Kelly of San Francisco was an actress of merit when she married Bandmann.

My thoughts wandered to the poor ghost who was beneath the floor, on that ominous manure pile. Was he alive or dead? Still of flesh and blood, or had he, indeed, turned into a ghost? If he had not, he must have wished he had.

When the act was over I rushed to the trap door and shouted down: "Hello, there! Are you still alive?" He crawled up on all fours and in gasping manner asked me: "Are you going to repeat 'Hamlet' during your stay in Missoula?" "Why do you ask?" I replied. "If you are," he answered, "Get another ghost. I'll be blanked if I repeat my experience on John's manure pile for all the wealth in Missoula."

This palatial theater of Maguire's had another surprising feature new to the general usages of modern or ancient play-houses.

There were no dressing rooms. The manager expected the companies to dress and change their costumes regardless of sex, "En famille," on the stage.

piece. It gives him greater scope and power and the other characters are not so prominent as to detract from the impression made by the chief actor. As we go to press before the play begins, we can only hope there was a large audience to see it.

"The Bandmann Company has been playing to fair business in Maguire's Opera House this week, but the success of the season was very materially interfered with by the outrageous and disreputable conduct of Herr Bandmann in grossly insulting a prominent young gentleman without having the slightest excuse therefore necessitating the summary ejection of the tragedian from a business house in town. He is unquestionably a fine actor, but his strongest parts are, such as Shylock and Iago, parts that seem to suit his nature best. The support is superior to any we have seen in a traveling company. Miss Beaudet as a soft, susceptible sweetheart and in the passionate expression of love was excellent, but higher expressions are beyond her reach. Miss Verney is evidently a beginner. Miss Breyer has played rather minor parts but she has done these so well that she is evidently worthy of higher cast. Miss Lawman did well, receiving considerable applause Tuesday evening as Jessica in *Merchant of Venice*. Mr. John S. Lindsay is the leading male support. He is a careful, conscientious actor, and is gaining the reputation that follows study and earnest effort. Mr. De Lano was frequently applauded and gave most excellent satisfaction in his various characters, the chief of which were Polonius, Launcelot Gobbo, Brabantio, and the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. Messrs. Keller, Lestina, Marks and Maude all sustained their characters creditably. We cannot forbear



Of course, I objected to this familiarity, and so did the ladies. I noticed that there were a couple of houses back of the stable (I mean the theater) which were located on the north side of Front Street.

These belonged to Mayor Higgins,<sup>14</sup> so I went to him and he most graciously gave me the use of both the buildings, one for the ladies and the other for the men, and it was a comical sight to see us crossing the yard from Front to Main Street to reach the back door of the stage.

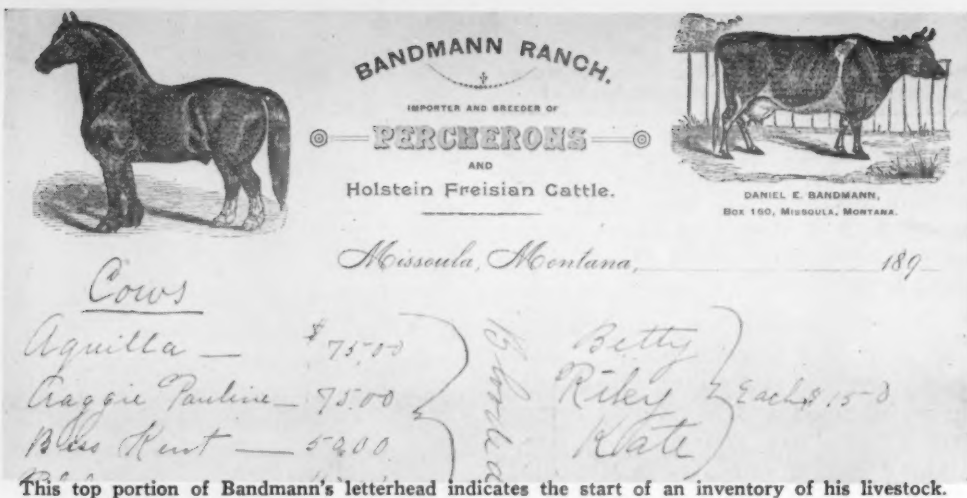
sounding the praises of Mr. Maguire in thus giving to us a fine presentation of Shakespeare's leading plays. He might have opened his house with plays of more popular character and have made more money thereby, but he chose to appeal to the reason and the higher qualities rather than to the lower passions of mankind. In this he shows he possesses the spirit of the true artist and the true man, and we know he has a good conscience for it though he may have less money. He has gone to considerable expense and has had numerous difficulties to contend with, and it is to be hoped the people of Missoula will extend him a liberal patronage now and hereafter." (*The Weekly Missoulian*, June 13, 1884, p. 3.) Maguire's life dates are 1840-1907.

<sup>13</sup> Remodeled, this building still stands in Butte at the corner of Park and Dakota streets.

<sup>14</sup> A reference to the speech of Falstaff after the fat knight has been released from the basket of "foul" clothes. See *Merry Wives of Windsor* III, 5. The citation here is a paraphrase.

<sup>15</sup> See *Twelfth Night* II, 4.

<sup>16</sup> The Higgins family is famous in the annals of Missoula, there being one building and several streets named after one or another of the group. The "mayor" here referred to is Captain C. P. Higgins who died October 19, 1889. The files of the City Clerk's office do not record him as being mayor of the city at any time. He was, however, the first president of the First National Bank and one of its founders. See *Society of Montana Pioneers* (1899), I, 208. Since in the early nineties, C. P. Higgins' son, Frank Higgins, was mayor of Missoula, in his use of the word "mayor," Bandmann may have been confusing son with father.



It rained one night, and Shylock and Portia, arm in arm, were obliged to cross the yard, protected by an umbrella. Antonio, as well, received that privilege. Shylock was the most popular man that night in the world. He was the only one possessed of an umbrella.

Another amusing episode happened on the opening day of that memorable theater.

Mr. Cyril Maude,<sup>15</sup> now one of the leading actors and managers in London, and at that time one of the actors, had ventured during a stroll on the south side, to look into an Indian tepee, and found himself suddenly caught in the back of his trousers by an Indian quadruped.

He screamed with terrific pain and ran off, as well as he could, to a physician. Cauterizing had to be done, and the best I can say for him is that his performance of Horatio was very lame.

This was the opening of the first theater in Missoula, and in spite of all the adverse surroundings, I played before a most intelligent and enthusiastic audience, which made my stay enjoyable.

There was a spirit in the people which struck me as broad and metropolitan. But I was puzzled to know where the people came from. There was hardly a decent looking house among the shanties that made up the town.

What a surprising change in eighteen years!

You will no doubt exclaim, patient reader, what has all this to do with stock-raising in Montana. Please give me your ear for a little while longer and I will try to satisfy your curiosity, if you have not thrown aside this article.

The following morning after my performance of Hamlet and on my way climbing Jumbo mountain in the pale and glorious mountain air in exchange for the pestilential manure pile of the previous night, a man named Green addressed me as follows:

"Goot morning, Herr Bandmann."

"Same to you, sir."

"Mein name ist Green. I got some land in die Bidder Rood. I hear you vant to pie some."

At first I thought he was mocking me in reference to the manure pile, but after listening a little while longer, I found that he had eighty acres of land to sell at Florence.

I was only too anxious to look at it and see the famous valley, so we arranged to drive out the next day. I hired a rig and invited two of my ladies to accompany the party.

The valley up to Florence was a disappointment to me. I thought it had too much of a gulch-like appearance and there was not enough broadness in the bottom land. In after years I found that my first impression of the Bitter Root was correct.



The real valley begins at Florence. From there up to Hamilton it is one of the most fertile and picturesque rolling countries in the world, an ideal home for settlers and homeseekers.

Again I deviate from my story and again I must ask your patience. There is so much to be said about our glorious state, so magnetic, grand and overpowering is its fresh and rustic surroundings, that I have to make some show, to speak in the up-to-date parlance.

I was willing to give up the living of a metropolitan life to the trying struggles, the uncertain results and vicissitudes of a Montana rancher in those days.

I was willing and anxious to invest the money I had made as an actor in stock and help to develop and live in a state which will be one of the grandest countries in the world.

I do not deserve ridicule. Rather praise for my foresight and good judgment. Of course, I did not possess the vicissitudes and tribulations that were in store for me. I did not know the "hired man" that time, and I must confess, after eighteen years' experience of farming, and having had hundreds in my employ, I do not know him yet. But I do know that I have done my share as a tolerably good citizen towards introducing a better and higher grade of blood, especially the general and useful stock for the farmer.

I knew nothing of stock, but I loved it. I knew nothing of poultry, but I loved it. I knew nothing of pigs, but — yes, I loved them, too—they always seemed to me so much like my fellowmen, full of greed, greed, greed, and was I not greedy, too? Didn't I want land, and lots of it? I bought Green's eighty acres in Florence for \$200 and was laughed at on my return to Missoula, but I sold \$500 worth of timber off it to my neighbor, Alva Mason;<sup>15</sup> three years later, sold six acres for

<sup>15</sup> (1862-1951) Famous English actor-manager. See *Who's Who* (1914), 1419; for a more detailed account also see *Who's Who in the Theatre* (11th edition), 1034-7. On p. 1034 of the latter reference is the following statement: "It was in Denver, Colorado, that he made his first appearance on the stage, as the servant in *East Lynne*, Apr., 1884."

## Happy New Year !

### MISSOULA DRUG CO.

First National Bank Block.

Prescriptions our Specialty.

Agents for "PUNCH CIGAR."

## Bennett Opera House To-Night Damon AND Pythias

OR THE

PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Cast of Characters:

Damon.....	Daniel E. Bandmann
Pythias.....	Louis Dean
Dionysius.....	Frank McConnell
Damocles.....	T. A. Slack
Procles.....	B. Hoblitzell
Philistius.....	Fred Webster
Luculus.....	Tom Landers
First Senator.....	J. Walker
Second Senator.....	H. Thompson
Third Senator.....	Jas. Fussy
Fourth Senator.....	I. G. Denny
Child of Damon.....	Little Ingalls
Galanthe.....	Miss Jeffs
Hermoine.....	Mrs. Bandmann

Couriers, Soldiers, Pages, etc.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN

The Great German Tragedian, ovation to Louis Dean.

**Say!** If your Watches or Clocks need fixing take them to the DIAMOND PALACE.

**If** You have any broken Jewelry or Silverware, you can get it fixed as good as new at the Diamond Palace. Everything Guaranteed.

FUSSY & BLAIR.

MISSOULAN PRINT.

Note the quaint advertisements in this old Missoula program for the Bennett Opera House during a Bandmann production.

This was evidently a part of the same tour which brought the Bandmann company to Missoula.  
<sup>16</sup> A farmer living in the neighborhood of Florence.

a right-of-way to the Northern Pacific railroad for \$60, and was offered \$750 for it last year, and hold it at the present moment for \$1,000.

You see I knew nothing of land and deserve to be ridiculed for my silly extravagance in Montana. My enthusiasm was fresh and sincere. I loved a rural life and everything which was associated with nature, but I was to pay for plunging headlong into it and for my lack of knowledge in human nature.

Herb McLeod<sup>17</sup> told me once that I had learned more, in one year, as a farmer, of human nature, than I had known during all my travels around the world, and that is perfectly true.

I didn't know that there were men like Robert Child and Alexander Swan in the world.

Mr. Robert Child (sic)<sup>18</sup> had a ranch in Florence. It was the stopping place for dinner for the stage and general travel. He was a good, gentle, Christian, God-fearing man, a true disciple of the Methodist creed. So good and true was he that he would not be guilty of pronouncing a big D -.

But "Bob" had a far keener insight into human nature than the actor. He perceived at once that there was something refreshingly green in my eye, while his was frank and open. He talked awhile with me during the dinner. He spoke of the enormous advantages of feed and pasture on these Bitter Root hills, where they would grow fat while one was in the church offering up prayers.

What an effect that man had upon me! I could not wait until he made me an offer, but plunged right into his Christian lap.

<sup>17</sup>For many years head of the Missoula Mercantile Company. The bronze tablet in his honor in the lobby of the Florence Hotel reads as follows: "Tribute of admiration from the Citizens of Western Montana to Charles Herbert McLeod. Born in New Brunswick, Canada, 1859. Came to Montana in 1880. For more than sixty years he has been a true inspiration to the Community, contributing generously to its development in all domains. It stands as a memorial to his vision and typifies his faith in Missoula and Montana." 1945.

An agreement was entered into between him and myself that he was to buy 200 heifers and cows and four blooded bulls; that he was to keep this herd and care for it for three years, and after that period the original number and one-half of the increase was to be turned over to me, and he receive the other half of the increase.

He was to give bonds and I the money. Three months after the execution of this mystic bond I sent \$6,627 to Mayor Higgins, then president of the First National bank of Missoula, to be placed to the credit of Robert Child for the purpose of carrying out the above agreement.

I was playing in Canada at the time and the news I got from my good Christian partner was most satisfactory. He bought 219 cattle for the money—nearly all fine shorthorns—the bulk from Mr. Austin, the rest from "all sorts of people;" four fine blooded yearling bulls from Kohr (sic) & Bielenberg.<sup>19</sup>

It was a capital investment. These cattle would increase at the rate of ninety percent at least, and according to all mathematical calculations to which "the flesh"—I mean the bovine "is heir to," we would have a herd of at least 1,500 head to divide after three years.

I nearly jumped out of my "gabardine" for joy, for I was playing "Shylock" (in Montreal) on that evening, when the letter was handed to me.

<sup>18</sup>Born in 1836 in Virginia; came to Montana about 1865; purchased 400 acres of land near Florence. He had one of the most valuable ranch lands in the Bitterroot Valley which he sold for \$6,560. In his later years moved to Missoula where he owned the Reality House, a large, furnished boarding establishment. See Joaquin Miller, *History of the State of Montana* (Chicago, 1894), 109. The following newspaper item is pertinent: "Robert Childs purchased last week of Mr. David Austin 129 head of cattle, at the average price of \$29.37½ per head. The cattle are purchased for Herr Bandmann, the actor, who appeared before Missoula audiences on the occasion of the opening of the Maguire's Opera House. Mr. Childs takes care of the cattle for a period of three years. He has a large farm suitable for hay raising, and will therefore have a home market for all he can raise. When Bandmann was here his peculiarities gave him the name of crank, but there's nothing very cranky about this move." *The Weekly Missoulian*, Friday, March 6, 1885.

Take the original number of 219 from 1,500 and divide the rest—1,281 head. That would be a difficult division. I never thought at that time that we might sell the odd one to the butcher and each take half a beef.

But such trifles never entered my mind. One must not be too particular when the getting of a herd of 819 head of cattle for the trifling sum of \$6,627 is placed before you.

You must not think, patient reader, that this is all romance and sentiment of a foolish and impatient actor. Not at all. All was carried on in a business-like and proper manner. Mr. Child sent me receipts for every cow, heifer or bull he bought, properly signed by the owner.

The two bondsmen, W. H. Dickenson (sic)<sup>20</sup> and W. McCormick,<sup>21</sup> whose assessments signed by the authorized assessor to the extent of the former \$60,000 and the latter \$150,000 were carefully examined by my lawyer.

What more could a reasonable man except? I was in the seventh heaven, and could not await the time until spring had arrived and I could go to Montana to see my beloved herd.

I shall never forget the impression the D. B. brand made upon me when I saw my cattle. I did not like the hot iron on those little calves, much less the bunting of a steer calf while watching the operation in the corral.

After the little brute got up all the boys took to the fence except myself, but I was soon on the top of the fence, and I had reason to remember that little incident for a long time afterwards.

I was delighted and everything was satisfactory. But one thing struck me as extraordinary, and that was the lack of any material knowledge of my beloved partner. He only branded about thirty calves, and surely 200 head of cows and heifers would make a better showing than fifteen percent, and he had bought 219.

I wanted to be enlightened on that insignificant little point and I did it as

gently as possible without hurting the tender and susceptible feelings of my honest friend.

"They are on the hills, my boy, and we will bring in the rest tomorrow," he told me.

I must not forget to mention that all my arrangements had been made to return east the following day, for I had to be in New York to begin rehearsals with my company, and I had a slight suspicion—in part I was sure—that my friend knew it, in spite of his repeated entreaties to stay and see the branding of the other 120 calves on the hills. That was quite satisfactory and I left the glorious Bitter Root a happy man.

During that entire year reports from my partner were most enthusiastic. The increase was simply astounding—"every cow" (the heifers had turned into cows, dear reader), "had a little calf to herself"—the dear things—"the herd amounted already to 500 head—come soon and spend a month with us." God bless him!

Did I see my herd again in 1886? You bet I did—but again the bulk of the cattle was on the hills, but he would soon get them all in.

<sup>20</sup> Conrad Kohrs (1835-1920)—Born in Holstein, Germany, he came to Deer Lodge in 1865 and for many years was often referred to as "the cattle king of Montana." In 1867, he associated himself with his half-brother, Nicholas John Bielenberg. The firm introduced short-horn cattle into the state and later the Hereford breed. Kohrs was interested in raising horses, especially Percherons, Norman and English stock horses. Some of his racing horses made state records. Kohrs and Bielenberg owned about 2500 acres of farm land and about 8000 acres of grazing land. For interesting accounts see: *The Silver State Post* (Deer Lodge), July 29, 1920; *The Dillon Examiner*, August 4, 1920; and *The Medicine Lake Wave*, August 6, 1920; *Progressive Men of Montana* (A. W. Bowen, Chicago n. d.), 1390-1; *Society of Montana Pioneers* (1899) I, 74; Miller, *op cit.*, 552.

<sup>21</sup> W. H. H. Dickinson (1840-1910). Businessman who owned the first stationery store in Missoula. See Miller *op cit.*, 398.

<sup>22</sup> (1835-1889). Came to Missoula in 1868; with C. P. Higgins and F. L. Worden, he did much to develop the town. Interested in milling and stock-raising and possessed valuable ranch property in the Bitter-root Valley. He was killed while repairing the roof on one of the buildings at Fort Owen.

*Montana's Frontier Cheatre Filled a Real Void for Lonely Ranchers*



In "As you like it" May 23, 1898  
Ming Opera House, Helena, Montana.

Many casts for years afterwards tried to equal the impeccable performances of Herr. Bandmann and his talented troupes. Here Dorland Swinhart, Mimi Medini and Josephine Israel (Hepner) appear from a scene in "As You Like It" at the famed Ming Opera House in Helena, May 23, 1898.



The mining camp of Butte was always a great Western theatrical town. Here is the Grand Opera House, which burned in 1888, but was quickly replaced. It was made famous by Uncle Dick Sutton and John Maguire. Bandmann made a number of impressive appearances here.



## And Tired Miners



In the gold camp of Helena, just off roaring Last Chance Gulch, Ming's Opera House was a frequent stop for the great and near great of the 19th century American Theatrical World. Here is the Helena Theater built in 1880, as it appeared long after the frontier era.

Go to L. L. WRIGHT'S for Anything You Want. 109 E Main

# Empire Theatre.

VOL. I. ✓ MISSOULA, MONTANA, JANUARY 25, 1900. NO. 2.

P. M. REILLY & CO.,

....The Grocers  
AND GENERAL SUPPLIERS.

We handle Everything and  
Treat You Right.

TELEPHONE 99. HIGGINS AVE.

Austin H. Hartley, Manager Empire Theatre.

FRANK M. KLIN, Publisher, Box 285.

..DANIEL E. BANDMANN..

In his creation of the moral and  
psychological drama, entitled,

**Dr. Jekyll**

and

**Mr. Hyde...**

In which Mrs. Theresa Bandmann, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, Messrs. Glenn and Avery  
and the Students of the University appear.

A special choir of Eight Boys and Girls have  
been trained for this production.

**Hotel Missoula**

P. P. Pierce, Pro.

Finest Appointed House in the City



Electric Lights, Electric Bells,  
Steam Heat, Rates Reasonable.  
Baths in Connection.

**INSURANCE.**

FIRE. ACCIDENT. LIFE.  
**Real Estate for Sale**  
In all parts of the City.

E. A. WINSTANLEY.

Room 6, Second Floor, First National Bank building.

**City Drug Store**

Be sure and get a Half-pound  
Box of ————

**Gunther's Chocolate**

and Bon-Bons.

Before going to the show.

As fine as the finest and

Only 35c per Box.

**Peirce's**

Fine Confectionery,  
Cigars.

**Eastman Kodaks.**

**If You Want**

TO sit in comfort at the Opera  
and your laundry to the Mis-  
soula Steam Laundry and  
have the rough edges taken off  
your Collars. The only machine  
in town that will do the work  
right.

Telephone 155. Wagon will call.

**PROGRAM**



Cast of Characters.

Dr. Jekyll.....	D. E. Bandmann
Mr. Hyde.....	A. L. Avery
Vicar Howland.....	Mr. Glenn
Dr. Lanyon.....	Gill Heyfron
Mr. Utterson.....	Guy Cleveland
Pool.....	William Kelly
Detective Newcomer.....	Hugh Graham
Policeman O'Brien.....	Hugh Kennedy
Guest, a lawyer's clerk.....	Mr. Walker
John, a servant.....	



Fred P. Ellis

H. C. Johnson.

**ELLIS & JOHNSON**



**Modern  
Dentists**

Have opened a thoroughly Modern and  
Up-to-Date Dental office.

**1st Nat'l Bank bldg.**

Missoula, Montana.

3d Floor, - Take Elevator.

In 1942, Archie Clark of the Great Falls TRIBUNE, an inveterate student of the frontier theater, presented this copy of Missoula's Empire Theater program to the Historical Society after he obtained it from the Harvard College Library. Mr. Bandmann carried the lead roles of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, although at this date in 1900, he was long past his theatrical prime.



This reproduction, "Bitter Root River, Near Fort Owen," is by the pioneer artist Stanley. It was used originally in the Government's geodetic surveys of the 47th and 49th parallels in the 19th century.

In the meantime he proposed a ride up the Bitter Root to show me land I ought to buy—five farms which were afterward purchased by Marcus Daly and which now constitute the bulk of the Daly Bitter Root sheep farm and the city of Hamilton.

But my heart was sore, I wanted to see my cattle and he couldn't show them to me, so I left with a different feeling altogether, for I knew there was something wrong.

I sent out my nephew and found that Child was a snare, a swindle and a delusion. He had bought cattle from people who never owned a head in their lives and to whom he owed money, getting them to give him receipts for cattle. He sold beef to Kennedy who kept the Rogers house, but never told me of it.

He had appropriated over \$2,500 for his own use and the entire herd after two years' keeping did not amount to 200 head, calves and all included.

I was determined to punish him and would have sent him to the penitentiary, but on the advice of that famous jurist, Warren Toole,<sup>22</sup> I settled with him amicably, took the herd from him and became sole owner.

I had two offers, one from Kleinschmidt & Blake and one from Doctor Cole<sup>23</sup> in Helena. Did I sell? No! I was

not yet cured and strange as this might appear, almost at the same time came news from Cheyenne that Swan had failed for \$720,000 and that his assets were nil.

I lost every dollar I had invested, yet my indomitable spirit to become a stockman was so great that I clung to my fancy.

I bought two ranches, 320 acres of land in Hellgate canyon,<sup>24</sup> put my stock on it, bought mowers, wagons, binders, plows, etc., and began farming in good shape.

But I got tired of ordinary cattle. It was too slow and commonplace. Everybody had scrub cattle and wanted something better. There was nothing to learn from cattle that eat and breed and had to be watched so closely all the time. Surely there were nobler animals to be had than those, so I determined to sell my cattle

<sup>22</sup> Edwin Warren Toole (1839-1905). Helena Lawyer; legislator. See *Progressive Men of Montana*, 280-1; *Society of Montana Pioneers* (1899), I, 158; Miller, *op cit.*, 109.

<sup>23</sup> Dr. C. K. Cole (1852-1920) was a well known Helena physician, cattleman, businessman and political figure of the eighties and nineties. He was one of the trustees of the incorporation of the University of Montana in 1882. "The first Holstein cattle, 20 in number, were brought into the Prickly Pear Valley in June, 1886, by Dr. C. K. Cole, who planted them on his dairy ranch five miles east of Helena. The cattle were shipped here from Elgin, Illinois."

<sup>24</sup> The old Bandmann ranch was about four miles east of Missoula. Today nothing remains of the buildings except rubble of the barn.

at the first opportunity and get into blooded stock.

Blood was by far more interesting, nobler, more profitable. A blooded animal didn't eat any more than a scrub, nor did it need much more care. I talked with my friend Andrew Hammond<sup>25</sup> about it and he agreed with me that the introduction of blood into this country would be a great blessing.

I had already communicated with one Mr. White, of Saint Paul, who had some fine Clothilds of the Holstein-Freisian (sic) breed, pedigreed and registered, so I went to Saint Paul, saw and bought one bull and twelve heifers and cows. This was the first bunch of blooded Holsteins ever imported into Montana. I also bought at Farmington, Wis., sixteen three-fourth and seven-eighth Percheron mares, weighing on an average 1,400 pounds. One of these mares is still in my possession and is now eighteen years old.

With these two carloads of stock I started back to Montana.

On my arrival in Missoula, Mr. A. B. Hammond, who was interested in one-half of the mares, asked me to dine with him and meet Marcus Daly.<sup>26</sup> I accepted his invitation and for the first time met Mr. Daly. It was a jolly dinner party. Those who were present were Colonel Sanders,<sup>27</sup> Tom Marshall,<sup>28</sup> M. I. (sic) Connell,<sup>29</sup> Mr. Estes,<sup>30</sup> from Anaconda, and Marcus Daly.

During the progress of the dinner Mr. Hammond remarked that I had brought some fine stock into Montana—splendid mares and most beautiful Holstein cattle. Mr. Daly remarked that he would like to have Holsteins, too, so I offered to let him have them at cost if he would give me twenty percent commission. Mr. Daly agreed to this and nothing more was mentioned until the following day, when I asked Hammond if he thought Daly meant what he said.

Mr. Hammond agreed to write and ask him and a day later received the following dispatch:

"Tell Bandmann to bring the cattle to the ranch and draw on me. Marcus Daly."

That was clear enough. I brought the thirteen head of Holsteins to the Daly ranch and received from Mr. Daly a check for \$2,800 for the stock.

This stock has left a potency of hundreds of blooded Holsteins in the valley, outside of what I sold to various farmers and independent of the above.

The following year I bought two carloads of Netherland Carls, Mercedes and Clothilds from Iver P. Allis, of Wisconsin. I spent as much as \$200 for one cow that gave eight gallons of milk per day, and was afterwards purchased for the same amount by Sister Peters of the Saint Patrick's hospital here.

I raised bulls valued at \$300 and sold them to several prominent breeders. I sent my Holsteins in every direction through Montana and never got less than \$150 per head.

To give the people of Missoula an opportunity to see my herd I gave a parade of 150 head of pure blooded Holstein cattle and, though I say it, it was a grand

<sup>25</sup> Andrew B. Hammond (1848-1934). Lumber and businessman. Fifth president of the First National Bank and associated with the Missoula Mercantile Company as one of the founders and the first president. See Miller, *op. cit.*, 556-7.

<sup>26</sup> Marcus Daly (1841-1900). Montana mining magnate, famous in the early history of the state for his racing stables. The Montana Hotel in Anaconda and the Daly estate near Hamilton are still attractions to the tourist. See *Progressive Men of Montana*, 16-18.

<sup>27</sup> Wilbur Fisk Sanders (1834-1905). Lawyer, U. S. Senator, 1890-93. See *Who's Who in America III* (1903-5). There are many other sources of information on this well known figure. See Miller, *op. cit.*, 808.

<sup>28</sup> Thomas C. Marshall (1851-1911). Missoula lawyer. See *Progressive Men of Montana*, 306-7; Miller, *op. cit.*, 410.

<sup>29</sup> M. J. Connell was a well known merchant of Butte. Connell avenue in Missoula was named after him. Worked for E. L. Bonner Company of Deer Lodge, then moved to Butte; in the nineties moved to California. See Miller, *op. cit.*, 336-7.

<sup>30</sup> Bandmann is often inaccurate in his use of first names, dates, and places. The reference here is probably to Simeon Estes, who came to Bannock in 1868 and later helped in the capture and execution of the notorious Henry Plummer. In 1871, he purchased a stage station. When this fell into disuse, he purchased, in Beaverhead County, a 450 acre ranch on which he raised diversified crops and fine cattle and horses.



Father Nicholas Point was among the region's earliest artists. This is a reproduction of his lithographic interpretation of the building of St. Mary's Mission in 1841 in the historic Bitterroot Valley, by the Jesuits.

and imposing sight. This was in 1890. Since then the blood has flowed into every corner and I am proud and satisfied. But I was not contented with my work altogether. I wanted a nobler strain of farm and utility horses. The sight of a limping white-eyed cayuse made me sick, so I went to Nogent in Rotrou, France,<sup>31</sup> and bought three grand stallions, four mares and one colt at an outlay of about \$8,000.

They made a great sensation here and took every prize at the Helena fair in 1889.

I sent these stallions for three years into every county in Western Montana and I now have the satisfaction of knowing that they have not only left an enormous progeny but also abolished the pitiful sight of the miserable 800 and 900-pound cayuse as a commodity for draft purposes.

The direct descendents of two of my stallions and imported mares are still in existence and doing noble work.

Then my fancy turned toward the pig. I had seen the razor-back of the south too often and I longed to have him replaced by the Berkshire and Poland China.

I imported from near Springfield, Ill., an eight-months-old Berkshire boar and a yearling sow. I kept them one year and sold the boar to Henry Hammond for double the amount.

I sold another to C. C. Willis,<sup>32</sup> of Plains, and as many more of the same stock all over the country.

I also thought that chickens could stand a little new blood. I loved eggs and could not get them large enough. I read of the Barred Plymouth Rock. I imported from Mr. Shephard, Springfield, Ill., a cock and two hens of the above breed. A week afterward my wife informed me with tearful eyes that the cock and hens and twenty more chickens were gone.

We had a suspicion who the thief was and we went to his ranch and sure enough we saw the fowl among the rest of his chickens, and there was not a doubt but that these were our imported Plymouth Rocks.

I got out a warrant and had him arrested. The prosecuting attorney asked me how I was going to prove that this was my rooster. I explained to him the circumstances, which to me was proof beyond a doubt.

"Yes," said he, "but what was your brand?"

<sup>31</sup> See note 6.

<sup>32</sup> Mr. W. P. Willis of Plains was kind enough to send me a brief biographical note of his father, from which I quote in part: "C. C. Willis was born in Columbia, Missouri, Aug. 7, 1854. He arrived in Thompson Falls, Mont. Jan. 18, 1885 . . . In 1886 he moved to Plains and developed one of the first farms and ranches of about 200 acres . . . He was a member of the State Horticultural Board from the time of its creation for many years . . . He passed away March 11, 1931 at Plains, Montana."





Major John Owen in 1850 purchased the Catholic Mission buildings at St. Mary's to establish the trading post of Fort Owen. The Jesuits had wisely developed extensive farm lands, sawmill, gristmill and other necessary buildings which the Major put to good usage. This photograph shows the decaying section of the old post half a century later.

"Brand? I never knew you could brand a chicken."

"Yes, you can," he said. "I ordered the constable to bring the chicken into my office and examined it most carefully, but could find no other than the usual sign of any ordinary chicken on him and the attorney said he could not go on with this case."

"Well," I said, "then you had better give me my rooster and I will let the fellow go."

"Give you your rooster? Oh, no! my friend, that would be connivance. If I

give you the rooster it would stamp him a felon, which he undoubtedly is. If I allow him to keep the chicken it would be an injustice to you. Under these circumstances I think it best to kill the creature, make a good dinner of him and call everything square, which I have done."

This ended the crowing of the first famous rooster imported into Montana.

But even that did not check my ardor. I wrote to Mr. Shephard and got three more beautiful fowls, which were a great success and became afterwards breeders in Henry Hammond's<sup>33</sup> extensive farm.

Then I took on the turkey and imported a bronze gobble and three hens at the cost of \$30. But this investment was a lamentable failure. We tried for three years to raise turkeys and had to give it up in despair.

And, now, dear reader, I have finished my history, and if you have not fallen asleep over it, or do not heave a sigh of relief in case you had the Spartan courage to read through it, be charitable with me, for I am not yet cured of the craze for grand and beautiful animals, and I pray I never will be.

It is too late to try any experiments in that direction on me, that craze will go down with me till I am laid low at one of the foothills<sup>34</sup> here in Montana on which I have browsed so often and love so dearly.<sup>35</sup>

[THE END]

<sup>33</sup> William Henry Hammond, brother of A. B. and George Hammond, for a few years lived at his mother's home on East Front Street, Missoula. For a time he was manager or superintendent of the Big Blackfoot Lumber Company at Bonner, and was likewise associated with another mill at Weeks-ville, now known as Thompson Falls. He owned a large hay ranch at Potomac. He died in California. For a slight reference to him see Miller, *op. cit.*, 557.

<sup>34</sup> Bandmann was buried in the Missoula Protestant cemetery. The local lodge of Elks (BPOE, 383) of which he was a charter member, conducted the funeral service. President Oscar Craig of Montana State University delivered the funeral address. A large picture of Bandmann now hangs on one of the walls of the Elks Temple.

<sup>35</sup> For two interesting feature stories of Bandmann, see: A. L. Stone, "With equal grace he strides the stage or takes his rural role," *Anaconda Standard*, September 5, 1899; and Archie Clark, "Hamlet at Hellgate," *Great Falls Tribune*, April 11, 1943. In this closing note I wish to express my appreciation to the following: Miss Virginia Walton of the State Historical Library, who sent me valuable information; Miss Catherine White of the University Library, who helped in collecting data for the footnotes; Dr. Paul Phillips who read the manuscript and checked the footnotes; Mr. Archie Clark, who some years ago generously turned over to me material which he had collected; and Sister Theresita (Bandmann's oldest daughter), who allowed me to proceed with a more extensive study of her father's life, permitting me access to family letters, manuscripts and pictures.



# Montana Medley

By Bob Fletcher

## Montanans, Early and Late

Montanans have no distinguishing physical characteristics or manner of speech that identifies them away from home. They are of so many origins and have been together such a short time that no fixed pattern has developed. Maybe none ever will. They come in all shapes, shades, and sizes. There are rangy, soft-spoken Montanans, but there are just as many short, fat ones whose speech crackles. Certain words and phrases may mark them as from some part of the West, but still not pin them down to Montana.

Perhaps the days of the open range gave the state most of its so-called Western idiom that has struck. A horse can still be a cayuse without confusing anyone, just as a certain type of cow critter can still be a dogie. "Horning in" or "corralling" this or that is cow country talk but mining camps have made their contributions. In the latter environment you don't say "So long. Take it easy" when you leave a friend,—you say "So long. Tap'er light." You "take five" and "taper off a bit" with the Cornishmen, and nowhere but in Butte would anyone know that a "bucket steak" is a small cut of beef designed to fit snugly in a miner's lunch pail.

It is obvious that the frontier past is not too dim and distant. When Helena's high school youngsters prepare for their annual Vigilante Day Parade, they have no great difficulty in procuring authentic costumes and props to stage pioneer scenes on their floats.

In the "early days," which were just yesterday, people came here from many places and it has been like that ever since. Of the six discoverers of Alder Gulch, only one was a native born American. Yet men from almost every state in the Union and the Confederacy were among Montana's first settlers. Germans, Norsemen, Frenchmen, Chinese, and Englishmen; men from New York and Indiana, from Georgia and Kentucky; men with college degrees and men who signed with a cross. They had one thing in common: they were young.

For a time, perhaps Missourians were in the ascendency. At the time of the gold excitement the Civil War was in full swing. Northern and Southern sympathizers were in about equal numbers among new arrivals at the diggings. Both the overland and the water route to Montana had their eastern terminals in the border state of Missouri, where sentiment and families were divided. Many

wanted to escape the embarrassment of such a situation. Moreover, Missourians had been reared on tales of the West for several generations. They had seen covered wagons and steamboats depart and had watched men return, first with packs of plews and then with pokes full of gold. Every surge of Western migration found a generous quota of Missourians in its ranks. They and their descendants are still numerous in Montana.

Those old-timers who converged from so many different environments didn't bequeath us a polygenous dialect; nor did they mingle physical types to create a distinctive racial strain. Yet they were the nucleus that developed traits and a code for the West that still lingers. A handshake sealed a contract better than oath or document; men paid their debts without duress. No cabin door was ever locked; to inquire about a man's past was discourteous and sometimes poor judgment. Water belonged to the first man to claim it for beneficial use. No prudent man ever bet into a one-card draw.

The first pioneers in the gold fields spread over the Territory as new strikes were made and as they branched off into other interests and vocations. When mines were opened in the Butte district, Irish flocked in from the Comstock Lode of Nevada. These "hot-water byes" and their descendants have never gone far afield from their original destination. Today there are more Sullivans in the Butte phone book than there are Smiths.

Up the trail with Texas longhorns came boys from the Lone Star State in the late '70s and early '80s. Many of them stayed on. And in the turbulent days of dogie and maverick that followed, newcomers occasionally slipped into Montana just one jump of a posse. Some of these furtive parties became respected and influential citizens in due time.

With the building of railroads, Johnny-come-latelies sifted in, in the easy way. And still they come. When government

reclamation projects were opened to optimistic takers, the state acquired a pot-pourri of pilgrims full of hope and inexperience. The homesteading migration that followed brought still another increment, perhaps with Scandinavians from the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin predominating.

The origin of Montana towns is almost as varied as that of their citizens. Indian trading posts, which expanded to become settlements, were built on sites calculated to suit the convenience of their capricious clientele. Mining camps were built close to placer diggings and quartz lodes, which either placed them strung out along a gulch or clinging precariously to a mountain side. Cowtowns found their nucleus in corrals and loading chutes on railroad trackage. Newer communities, which are still growing prodigiously, were staked where the natural resources of the surrounding country could be funneled in for processing or export and where imports might be warehoused and conveniently distributed.

There are no sky-scrapers in these Montana towns. No particular type of home is indigenous to the state. At one period the pretentious, rococo mansion of brick or stone was the vogue for those who had struck it rich with mines, herds, or mercantile establishments. Those which have not been replaced by simpler, more practical homes have been converted to apartments or rooms-for-rent.





The first settlers followed the precedent of other frontiers, and, using materials at hand, built log cabins. A few squat, sod-roofed examples have survived the years in timbered solitudes where a chuckling creek or a beady-eyed packrat is the only neighbor left. In towns and cities, sleek modern types with oiled exteriors and pleasing lines may be found consorting with frame bungalows and ranch-type cottages, on equal social footing. But be a home shack or mansion, its exterior gives no clue to the treasured possessions that may be inside.

Much as Montanans love their homes and their state, they have inherited itching feet from restless ancestors. They like to travel if only for the joy of getting back to Montana. They are as familiar with the canyons of Manhattan as they are with their own cutbank coulees. They are at home in the Vieux Carree and on Fisherman's Wharf. They frequently cut each other's trails in Europe, the Orient, Alaska, and South America. But they are always glad to get back to the smell of pines and sage, the purple haze on far horizons, and the hush of the hills where anyone within a hundred mile radius is a reasonably close neighbor.

Montanans have an affection for silver dollars which they have never felt for copper pennies, though the state furnishes metal for both. For years the smallest coin in circulation was the

quarter or two-bit piece, and when smaller denominations were introduced they stopped with the nickel. People couldn't be bothered making change with the humble coppers.

Montanans contend that a few solid cartwheels clinking in a man's pocket gives him the confidence that doesn't come with a sheaf of germ-laden rags stuffed in a wallet. There is no mistaking one silver dollar for five or ten by its feel, but you can't say as much for a dollar bill. Moreover, silver dollars stack well at a roulette wheel or in a poker game.

During World War II the manager of the Helena Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank sounded out public opinion in an effort to create acceptance for paper currency to replace the big, round bucks. His plea was that the exigencies of war had deprived him of male assistants who could wrestle sixty-pound bags of silver dollars every day—a task unsuited to their feminine substitutes. He appealed to the innate chivalry of the Montana public. They turned his lady bank clerks down in favor of the lady on the coin.

Yes, Montanans are from many sources, —diversified elements that haven't yet fused, but a nebulous something still makes them akin and with a haunting savor of the old West.

[THE END]

MONTANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



# Montana

## Miscellany

### EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS IN THE TERRITORY

Thanksgiving Day passed over very quietly — no big dinner or dance to mark this day set apart for thanksgiving and prayer. No invitation to the printer to come and have a square meal or a square drink. It was all the more surprising, but not the less acceptable, to receive from our friends Adam Klasser and Dan C. Coleman, barkeepers at the Montana Billiard Hall, a token of remembrance in the shape of a gallon or so of Egg-nog and a huge pound cake. Adam and Dan, you are bricks, and will make your fortune if you remember the printer. Long may you wave!

—*Montana Post*,  
November 26, 1864

\* \* \*

Thursday last was Thanksgiving Day, and our citizens seemed perfectly aware of the fact, if we may judge from the amount of culinary and festive preparations. Sleighs were gliding merrily through the street all day. Acquaintances hob-nobbed merrily at the different bars, and at the Governor's office, a singing party executed quite a variety of national and other pieces of music, with great enthusiasm. Thanks to the Supreme Being were not omitted. Divine service was held in the churches, and appropriate sermons preached; while in many a lonely cabin and sequestered dell, the memories of other days were recalled, and prayers were offered for the happiness of the loved ones at home.

—*Montana Post*,  
December 9, 1865



Thangsgiving Day was unmarked by any unusual incident, and, if it had not been known that the President and Governor had issued a proclamation therefor, we do not think that any person would have made remarks regarding it. No churches were opened, no stores were closed, and no civilians ceased to labor. We may say, in behalf of the Legislature, that it did not hold any session. Although no formal thanks were offered in public, we have no hesitation in asserting that a large majority of the inhabitants observed the occasion in spirit as faithfully and earnestly as if they had lived in the States. In the times of the Puritans, when every soul was inspired by religious fervor, and the Bible was regarded as a statute book, the day was celebrated in a pious manner. At present the social has, to a great extent, excluded the ruling feature of a previous age. When the population of Montana becomes stable, another order will prevail, and Thanksgiving will be greeted with more ceremony.

—*Montana Post*,  
December 1, 1866

\* \* \*

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Another of the year's landmarks has been passed in the journey through time, and the agreeable impressions the day excited will long be born in pleasant remembrance by the people of Miles City. It is seldom that Thanksgiving Day occurs under such mild and genial atmospheric conditions as those of yesterday. The day opened out clear and brilliant and although it became somewhat

overcast in the afternoon the temperature was soft and balmy throughout. It was precisely such a day as holiday seekers might have selected had they had the choice. Accordingly the town gave itself up to unusual relaxation and enjoyment. The bank and the post office, except for mail delivery, and many other places of business were closed, the stores which were open during the earlier hours of the day discontinuing business at noon. Visitors flocked into town from all the neighboring sections to be on hand for whatever fun might occur, but if any was found it was of the mildest possible type. There was never a more soberly and orderly day witnessed in Miles City. The saloons were open as usual and were well patronized, but the spirit of good behavior seemed to hover watchfully over the place . . . Miles City was in its glory last night, and it is gratifying to record that not a single disturbance occurred to mar the general harmony that had prevailed throughout the day.

*Miles City Daily Press,*  
December 1, 1882



#### BOVINE ACCOUCHEMENT

*"The story of the maid that taught the Chief Justice how to put a collar on a horse was brought to mind the other day by the experience of a certain Hon. gentleman of this county. [Virginia City]. He thought it would be a good thing to have a bountiful supply of lacteal fluid during the cold weather, and, having a large herd of cattle running at the head of Passarami Valley, he concluded to bring home one of the heifers which would soon assume maternal honors, so that he could get the nourishing liquid in abundance. Accordingly he went out to the herd and drove home a likely looking cow, and fixed her up comfortably in a warm shed until she should give birth to the expected calf.*

*Having housed her up snug and warm, he went into the house to indulge in daydreams of jorums of mush and milk and kindred delicacies, and was wondering how long it would be ere the bovine accouchement would take place, when a younger brother informed him that the heifer had given birth to a calf several days before. We refrain from giving publicity to the Hon. gentleman's ejaculations when he discovered the true state of affairs; it is enough that they were emphatic; but merely record the incident as an illustration of the truth that a man may become great without being able to tell when a cow has calved."*

*The Montanan*  
February 3, 1876.

\* \* \*

Marcus Daly's great thoroughbred racer, Tammany, is quite sick at the Daly ranch near Hamilton, Ravalli county, and his recovery is considered doubtful. His loss will be greater to Mr. Daly from the fact that he had decided to make Tammany the head of his large breeding ranch.

*Bozeman Weekly Chronicle*  
Thursday, October 26, 1893.

\* \* \*

Marcus Daly, whose colors have previously been the copper with green cap, under which Tammany and Montana scored their many famous victories, has decided to make a partial change, and in the future his jacket will have silver sleeves for second colors, green bands will also be added.

*Anaconda Weekly Review*  
March 30, 1893

Will O'Keefe came out from New York as a comedian. He became very popular. He got the mining fever but kept an ace in the hole by packing a poke of gold dust worth \$100 which could be used for fare back to New York. He finally got to painting ads on rocks, but always remained the actor. His selling line was "It's a grand opportunity." He finally landed at the poor farm. When the County Commissioners decided to trim down the number of boarders, O'Keefe came up to the Court House to make an impassioned plea for the indigent. He was turned down, whereupon he went out on the lawn, sat on a bench, and shot himself.

## Fool Information, for a Tenderfoot

The following is extracted from the Miles City DAILY PRESS of December 22, 1882. The heading is that of the newspaper:

RUSSELL, KANSAS, OCT. 12, 1882.

Dear Sir may I ask you a few questions about that country please inform me how are the winters and summers and of what kind of timber and if plenty and for fuel is it coal or wood how is the produce shipped by rail or by water if by water on what rivers and what kind of work could a single man get to do and what pay what chance would it be for one without money or are you not troubled with Indians please give we fool information

Yours truly,  
JOHN SMITH.

\* \* \*

P. S. is there not snow all the winter and the cattle have to be foddered and cared for what kind of building and are they made of stone or wood I have been at this place 5 years and have not made any thing and I wish to try some where else give me fool particulars and what I could do there without money can you send me a catalogue or a pamphlet of that country.

Yours truly,  
J. S.

\* \* \*

Life is short, and time is valuable, but by reference to our railroad pamphlets and numerous clippings from exchanges of this great banana belt we are able to throw some light on the above subjects, in the following:

The summers up here are just as long as the winters, but not quite so cold but when it is warm it is hot; on last 4th of July the mercury stood 100 degrees in the shade, with no shirt on, and some days later the tin gutterings disappeared, grass burned up when a match was applied, and turnips were so light and

pithy they were sold on the streets for footballs. Wagons frequently came to town with a hat rack of dried vegetables. The markets were quoted as follows: dried watermelons 50 cents each; dried pumpkin 1¢; dried currants 40¢; dried apples 50¢, etc. A Crow Indian would wear a whole crop of squashes, pomegranates and peanuts as a necklace, and barter it for a plug of tobacco. At times the sun is so hot, that a deer, killed on the open prairies must be skinned immediately or in half an hour the hide would be shrunken as tight as a drum, and no scalpel, however dexterously used, could remove it from the carcass. During the heated term the domestic cat and lap-dog are forbidden the door mat or the parlor carpet, as wherever they rest but a moment, a grease spot is left. During the hot season our citizens are occupied, mostly in the day time, in putting out prairie fires and coal bank fires, produced by spontaneous combustion, during the night time mixing water with gin, to keep the latter from taking fire. Our winters are moderately cold, as there is not sufficient time for it to cool between summers, besides the "Chinnick" winds on election days, and at horse races, have a wonderful equalizing effect; they are always welcome breezes to the buffalo hunter. The chief pursuit of our people, in winter, is digging coal and cutting wood—not for present use, but to protect it from the summer fires—as long as your neighbor's coal bin or wood pile is handy, no one need suffer from cold.

The last cold snap destroyed all the thermometers, hence we cannot give the correct record. We are not now troubled with Indians, since the soldiers drove Sitting Bull out of the country, and took possession of it—and there are persons who think it a poor exchange—others disagree with this statement, as you cannot sell whiskey to the Indians.

Cattle do not have to be foddered, and it is seldom they ever get sight of a mouthful of hay, except after a deep fall of snow. In the absence of hay the wood choppers turn out and cut down cotton wood trees for them to browse on and when once accustomed to this diet they will eat, with a relish, old newspapers, cotton cloth, gunny sacks, etc., and sometimes they are so ravenous they will even climb the trees themselves, or attack a lumber yard—these are only extreme instances.

In the towns and villages the inhabitants live in houses like other white people—but in the country, during the summer, they sleep on the green sward with nothing but the broad canopy of heaven to cover them—in winter in hotels dug in the side of the mountain. It is rough on the clothes, but then it's healthy.

A five years trial of Kansas ought to suffice—it is certainly a poor place to "Russell." All the capital needed is a gun, a frying pan, a box of matches, and a lariat. Domestic and wild animals are to be had for the taking, which, however, will necessitate as speedy a transition through the country as possible.

If the above information is not sufficient we recommend this Kansas Jayhawker to consult Lewis and Clark's exploration of the Yellowstone valley, McElrath's hand book of the same, and Major Merrill's learned treatise on the rise and fall of Glendive, or the forthcoming Compendious History of Montana, by Gen. Brisbin, profusely illustrated.

\* \* \*

#### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HELENA

Helena, Montana, Dec. 8th, 1880

Received of S. T. Hauser Stakeholder Fifty seven hundred and fifty dollars being the stake money on the following bets made with Julius Levy, to wit:

\$1000.00 against \$1000.00 that H. (Hancock) does not beat G. (Garfield) 30,000 in N. Y.

\$250.00 against \$250.00 that H. does not carry Ohio.

\$500.00 against \$500.00 that H. does not carry Pa.

\$50.00 against \$50.00 that H. does not have 25,000 maj. in N. Y.

\$100.00 against \$100.00 that H. does not carry Conn.

\$100.00 against \$100.00 that H. does not carry 5 northern states.

\$50.00 against \$100.00 that H. does not have more votes than G. in N. Y. & Pa.

\$100.00 against \$100.00 that H. does not have more votes than G. in N. Y. & Pa.

\$500.00 against \$500.00 that H. does not carry State of N. Y.

\$50.00 against \$50.00 that H. is beaten 10,000 in Pa. by G.

\$50.00 against \$50.00 that H. is beaten 10,000 in Neb. by G.

\$100.00 against \$100.00 that G. has 6000 majority in Neb.

\$2850.00

\$2900.00

And I hereby guarantee them against personal loss from any suit at law that may arise for the delivery of the money to me and I also agree to return any of the above money in the event that it shall appear that I have not fairly won the same

J. P. WOOLMAN

Butte Oct 10th 80

S. T. Hauser Esq

Helena  
Mont

Dear Sir

From the tone of the Telegrams coming at present, there is a probability that trouble will arise in the Count of the Vote of New York State. There might be a possibility of that State being counted out. Dont give up any stake money until after the Official Count by the House of Representatives decides who is elected President. Also please notify First Natl Bank of same. You know my situation,

MONTANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



*Latest Diorama in the State Museum . . .*



This first major diorama completed by Irving (Shorty) Shope, Helena cowboy artist, in the new State Museum, constitutes part of the history of hydroelectric development in the Industrial Frontier Room, sponsored by Montana Power Co. It depicts construction of the first high tension power line in the State, and one of the first in the nation, between the old mining camp of Radersburg, and Townsend, in 1915. Shorty is now working on the diorama of Butte hill, "richest hill on earth," in the Mining Frontier Room sponsored by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company.

everything tells now. I would like to have your opinion on this matter. Please write and much oblige

Yours Truly  
Julius Levy

Some of our citizens are complaining of dull times and that, to say nothing about business, it is difficult to find amusement. Fights are becoming scarce, no one is being hung, and even the murders are becoming scarce in this particular locality.

And so they call for something new, no matter what, in the way of amusements. Well, here it is. It comes from Jacksonville, Oregon, and is thus described by the *Journals* "A new game

of chance has recently been introduced in this country, called the 'fly in.' It is less objectionable than most games of chance, in this—that there is no chance for cheating. Lest some of our readers may not understand the game, and wonder what it is, we will state for their benefit, that it is very simple and easily learned. It may be played by any reasonable number of persons. The players' names are written near together and and a small lump of sugar laid on each. Then commences the eager excitement of waiting for a fly to alight, and when he does so, the name of the player under the sugar has to stand treat all round. It may not be a very high-toned game, but it makes lots of fun."

—*Montana Post*, Sept. 11, 1868.



## DIRECTOR'S ROUNDUP

K. ROSS TOOLE

Man is the only animal that refuses to live in the present. He is more hope than anything else, and that is a future business. Most of his suffering and most of his joy lie in anticipation. Cynicism (and philosophy) were born when the first man realized that the actual attainment of the goal itself was anticlimactical. It was the anticipation (and even that soon forgotten) that counted. Since the present ceases to exist the moment it is contemplated and the future is by definition non-existent except as hope or dread, it seems strange that man pays so little heed to the realest of realities, the past.

This is especially true when you consider that man is the captive of his past—his own, his town's, his state's, his nation's and the world's. Some kind of rebellion in his spirit leads him to assert that he is the master of his fate. But this is only true within very narrow confines. He has a free will, but it can only operate in the context of history.

Most of us are worshippers of the theory of the "clean break." In personal life, in local politics, in foreign policy we think we can arbitrarily cast off the past. It is over and done with. But this presupposes that there is no real continuity to time — and time is nothing but continuity. It also presupposes that we can run from ourselves, but we can't because the past is in each of us. The mistakes we make (as a people) stay with us as a pattern. They are like ruts

in the road, easily fallen into again. The second identical mistake is graver than the first precisely because it is so often made knowingly and more easily.

We live every day surrounded by the stones and the echoes of our heritage, the concrete and the ephemeral. Only the very naive can believe that each day is a new day begun with the rising of the sun. No day ever dawned but that it carried the essence of yesterday with it. Hence the compounding of our errors when we ignore yesterday.

There is no "clean break" to be had simply by shutting out the unshuttable. There is only the gradual bending away from the old course—and that is a process that calls for an intelligent survey of the past—the personal past and the past of everything.

This is no brief for the study of history in its withered academic form, but rather it is a brief for the study of history, on the local level first, as an aspect of individual philosophy. It should not be commenced with a book but rather with a long look at our own community—with a sense of time in the eye. For each man's community is the product of history; nearly all past, a flicker of present, and a void of future. If we wish to bend away from the old course then we must know what the course is. Are our political and social institutions what they ought to be? Are we content with our schools, our courts, our newspapers, our streets? Where are we and our community going? And why?

Mr. Overstreet notwithstanding, if we have peace of mind today we are either very, very wise or very much asleep. We have little to be contented about. In the cold perspective of time we have not done so terribly well. There are thousands of unfulfilled promises in our past. They are the measurement of how often we have missed the mark.

In Montana, for instance, there was a time when the philosophy that prevailed was active, not passive. And that philosophy was the motive power of almost everything. Our calm acceptance today

of the things that *are* merely because they *are*, does not become us.

There is no more difficult thing than to view oneself or one's time with objectivity. But there is no better way to do it than by picking points of reference in the past. The process may be humiliating, but it is vital. History is not the cold, dead thing that texts and antiquarians have made it. It is not an impersonal chronicle, but the intensely vital record of our course through time. It begins at home. It also ends there.

[THE END]

## Buffalo Chips . . . Bits of Book Chat About Montana

● **GRANVILLE STUART'S** "Montana As It Is," a rare work of the resources of the territory and its Indian inhabitants, published in 1865, was auctioned recently in New York for \$2,200 in the last session of the three-day sale of Western Americana belonging to W. J. Holliday, Indianapolis steel producer. Goodspeed's of Boston bought the book, which was in its original wrappers. Mr. Holliday's library, auctioned at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, contained 1,200 catalogue lots and realized \$126,996. It was the most important collection of its kind and size ever to be offered at auction. Studded with rarities, it comprised a history of the early days of the West, covering contemporary narratives of overland journeys, stories at first hand of expeditions against the Indians, of hairbreadth escapes in the mountains, of life in mining camps and the gold rush, of trading furs and of the rail routes that opened the West.

● **GUTHRIE GAINS.** Montana's only Pulitzer prize winning author, who scores in this issue with his treatise on the historical novel, was one of five writers nominated for the 1954 academy award for his screenplay script on "Shane"—a rather exceptional Western. Although hard at work on a third major novel, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., recently had articles in *Harper's* and *Holiday* magazines.

● **BROKEN WAGON,** the title of Norman Fox's latest Western novel, certainly bears no resemblance to this Great Falls writer's proficiency. He is undoubtedly the State's most prolific—this being his 24th published book. Earlier this year Mr. and Mrs. Fox—a

competent writer, too—participated in the first annual convention of the Western Writers of America, of which Mr. Fox is a founding member.

● **SWORD BEARER** was a Crow medicine man, killed in an abortive uprising in the vicinity of the Custer battlefield by U. S. Troops in 1887. This is the historical peg that Norman Fox uses in **BROKEN WAGON.** The locale is a mining camp near Last Chance Gulch into which Neil Bowman drifts when the camp is terrorized by news of Sword Bearer's uprising. Bowman uses the camp's newspaper to advantage during this tense period, and a good story unfolds thereafter.

● **MONTANA LOST** a prodigious personality earlier this year with the passing of Wallace D. Coburn, Helena-born author of the classic, **RHYMES FROM A ROUND-UP CAMP**, published many years ago by G. P. Putnam Sons, in England and America; and an unusual treatment of **THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN** in which Will A. Logan, first Superintendent of Glacier National Park, who was a seventeen-year-old scout in the 7th Cavalry, claims that the last survivor and real hero of Custer's command was Captain Myles Keogh; whereas General Custer committed suicide during the battle.

● **SON OF PIONEER** Cattleman Robert Coburn, Wallace was once praised by C. M. Russell as a "blue-eyed, Stalwart, laughter-loving [Montanan] with a face like a Galway Blazer, and a smile that is worth going miles to see . . .

horseman of the plains, mighty hunter, (he killed four grizzlies in a single fight) ranchman, cowpuncher, scholar, wit, . . . poet . . . and the only White Chief of the Assinaboine Sioux." Just prior to Wallace Coburn's death, at the age of 82, he prepared an exclusive article for this magazine titled "Our Debt to the Redman," which will appear in an early issue. One of the most unusual activities in which this uncommon individual engaged was the Great West Film Company, of Zortman, Montana. Wallace Coburn not only was producer of its first movie, **THE GOLDEN GODDESS** but he wrote the scenario, was director and played the lead role.

● **THE FABULOUS FINN** (Gold Medal Books) is the gusty title of Dan Cushman's latest, which, according to the blurb, "For famine and a blonde they fought through Montana—the fabulous Finn and the roaring Irishman, two lusty giants born to brawl!" This follows closely after filming of **TIMBERJACK** by Republic Pictures this summer; and last year's humorous, **STAY AWAY JOE**, to keep Dan constantly in our column.

● **FIRE FIGHTER** by Mark Boesch, a Forest Service employee of Hamilton, Montana, has just been released by William Morrow and Company. It's a good adventure novel for juveniles, particularly enlightening for those interested in the hazards encountered by the men who guard our great natural wealth of virgin forests. At \$2.75 it's an excellent gift for some young man, particularly if he exhibits an interest in a forestry career.

# BOOK REVIEWS



CHEYENNE AUTUMN, by Mari Sandoz.  
McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.,  
New York. 1953. ix, 283 pp. \$4.50.  
*Reviewed by Edgar I. Stewart,  
E. Wash. College.*

Mari Sandoz has taken an obscure and relatively little known event in American Indian history and given it the sweep and dignity of an epic. The flight of the small band of Northern Cheyennes across the length of the Great Plains, a flight in which they overcame great odds, fought against vastly superior and better equipped forces, and embarrassed the entire United States Army, is one which ranks with the great retreats of history, that of Xenophon and his Ten Thousand, and the other great Indian march, the flight of the Nez Perces under the leadership of the younger Joseph. In 1878, a band of less than three hundred Northern Cheyennes left the reservation to which they had been assigned in Indian Territory, where, incidentally, they were held as prisoners, and started for their ancestral home on the Yellowstone River, more than fifteen hundred miles away. The greater part of them never made it, but so close did they come that the final tragedy only assumed a greater poignancy.

The handicaps that they overcame were sufficient to deter a less determined group from ever starting. With fewer than one hundred warriors, not too well mounted, poorly equipped and even more poorly armed, handicapped by the presence of women and children, and later on, of the sick and wounded, the Cheyennes nearly made it. Opposed by an

enemy of much greater numerical strength, and even greater mobility, due to the railroad and the "talking wire," the will of the Cheyennes to freedom was so great that only the winter of the Northern Plains was their undoing. Most tragic of all was their final defeat, when they announced their determination to remain where they were rather than return to the south. It is not pleasant reading, and the reader whose resentment does not rise at the tale of the senseless brutality visited upon these native Americans by an, to them, alien race, must be callous indeed to the record of human suffering.

In historical craftsmanship one expects the best from Miss Sandoz. And in this volume he will not be disappointed, for it is equal to anything she has ever written. If there is a criticism, it is a strange one, that the book is too well-written. The reader—or at least this one did—sometimes loses the historical narrative in the brilliant sweep of the literary style. Miss Sandoz, as usual, comes up with superb imagery, as for example:

"... his moccasins a whisper on the dry buffalo grass..." (p. 106)

"... angry as a gut-shot panther." (p. 96)

"... to reach for the Cheyennes like a great grizzly clawing at the rocks for hidden mice." (p. 211)

"... his face was like a dark bluff washed by rain." (p. 93)

"Once more the Cheyennes climbed the ladder of the east-flowing streams..." (p. 89)



There are dozens of others that could be cited but these are sufficient to prove the point.

To say more or to attempt to summarize the book would be to spoil the story for the reader. And this is a volume which should be read and savored, every morsel rolled tantalizingly under the tongue, by every real lover of the American West. This is Mari Sandoz at her best. Better even than *Crazy Horse*.

There are a number of interesting illustrations, an unusually fine map, which was redrawn by H. Lawrence Hoffman from an original by the author. The bibliography, which is in the form of notes, is limited to new material or that bearing on the most controversial points. The publishers have given the volume a binding and format that is at once substantial and attractive.

THE XIT RANCH OF TEXAS and the Early Days of the Llano Estacado, by J. Evetts Haley. University of Oklahoma Press, 1953. 258 pp.

Reviewed by Michael Kennedy

Perhaps the most fabulous of all the great Texas cattle outfits that came up the long trail to Montana ranges—N-N, Milliron, Matador, 7D, and LS, to mention a few—was XIT. Certainly it was the largest. In the summer of 1886, unmindful of the disastrous winter ahead, almost a quarter million head, all told, came up the trail. Of these, 15,000 rangy steers wore the big XIT brand; but most of them stopped in the Black Hills to be worked by the famous outfit of Day and Driscoll.

By 1890, XIT followed the Montana Trail more than 1,000 torturous miles through the Texas Panhandle, Eastern

### Buffalo Chips . . . Bits of Book Chat About Montana

• **RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA** was one of the good novels by William MacLeod Raine who left his native London for the American West and became the dean of cowboy authors. Born in London, June 22, 1871, Raine moved with his widowed father and family to the United States ten years later. They settled on a cattle ranch on the Texas-Arkansas border. There as a youth he learned much of the western flavor that found its way into his many western novels. A graduate of Oberlin College, Raine later established the first journalism course at the University of Colorado. Now, at the age of 83, the facile pen is stilled. Raine died in Denver this summer.

• **CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS** often are deadly. But the celebration just concluded on September 26th at St. Ignatius Mission, was anything but that. It was a monumental success. One of the bright lights was a display of writings in Indian Language, undoubtedly the largest ever assembled in Montana from the Jesuit Historical Archives in Spokane. The museum display was exceptional and the entire program, for three full days and nights was inspirational.

• **INDIAN WRITINGS**, such as those displayed at St. Ignatius, have been preserved because the early Jesuits set up three important presses, in Idaho, Alaska and at St. Ignatius. The St. Ignatius Press, especially, printed large

works. The greatest of all of these was the "Kalispel Dictionary" begun by the great scholar Father Mengarini, S. J., and completed by Father Giorda, S. J., with the help of three other Jesuits. It is in three parts, contains 1,100 pages and took three years to print, 1877 to 1879. Other important St. Ignatius Press works were the "Nez Perce Dictionary," by Father Morvillo, S. J., and "Bible Narratives," in Kalispel also by Father Giorda. Besides these there were many catechisms, prayer books, and hymns in Kalispel. A number of these items are valuable because they are irreplaceable. For instance there is a Mengarini's "Selish Grammar," printed on John Gilmary Shea's Cramoisy Press in 1864. It is No. 11 in the Library American Linguistics, which was a series of 16 work in Indian languages. Only 100 copies of the "Selish Grammar" were printed and most of these were burned in a fire. Only eight copies still are extant. Another valuable piece is a Crow Grammar of 148 pages mimeographed in red and blue ink at Pryor, Montana, in 1898.

• **BOUNDING BOB**, we might call him. That's Robert Athearn, one of the feature speakers at the Pacific Northwest History Conference, here this spring; a frequent contributor to this magazine; and one of the West's most able historians. After his late spring visit here, he bounded back

to Boulder, Colorado, as leader of the history workshop of the 21st Writers' Conference; then to the University of California at Berkeley. And during this time, Bob managed to put the finishing touches on his first published novel, *SILENT RIVER*, a collaboration with Wayne D. Overholser, to be announced soon. If it compares with his *THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER: AN IRISH REVOLUTIONARY IN AMERICA*, or the more recent *WESTWARD THE BRITON*, which won the annual award of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Society, then it's a book to look forward to.

• **HAYWIRE TOWN**, Bob McCaig's latest novel following *TOLL MOUNTAIN*, appears to be selling well under the imprint of Dodd, Mead and Company. Bob has selected a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar, because his fictional mining camp was "dying amid the decaying remnants of past glories, until rugged Ben Colby, driven by shattering personal disaster, chose the little mining camp for his last stand. Becoming manager of the Caliban Power Company, whose system was held together with spit and haywire, Colby met violent opposition from Lance Raith. The mine owner ruled Tempest like a raw frontier town with the aid of three lawless henchmen . . ." Robert McCaig is a public utilities executive in Great Falls.

Colorado and Wyoming to the Ranch's newly acquired open range between the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. As the splendid chapter (IX), *The Montana Trail*, relates:

"There the Company adopted the policy of 'double-wintering' before shipping them as aged steers, fat off grass, to the heavy-beef market at Chicago. Thus the company, like many other outfits, tied its production into its finishing business by a trail that stretched for more than a thousand miles, from its best cow range on the Yellow Houses to where their steers grew to heavy maturity around the headquarters on Cedar Creek, sixty miles above Miles City. Here . . . their cattle scattered over a territory of about 200 miles east and west and some 75 miles north and south . . . in which there were a great many other ranchmen. Each of these exercised at least normal control over a certain portion of the range . . . Sometimes the general work required two or three wagons for the Syndicate alone, as the roundup on this wide range was, at times, divided into as many different operations."

For another decade the last of the Montana - Texas - Eastern cattle barons worked this open range. The CK ranch, which bought out the old N bar N, was 130 miles north of Miles City. Almost due west of XIT was an eastern syndicate, LU Bar, on the Little Dry. Almost half a hundred miles southwest was the Bow and Arrow outfit on Custer Creek and 150 miles north of this spread was the N Bar outfit, between the Musselshell and Missouri. Annually about April, the managers of the ranches held what was called the stock meeting in Miles City. There they mapped out two general roundups, the 'east work' and the 'west work' which ran for almost 60 hard-riding days after mid-May. Any writer or historian who could re-create, in microscopic detail the excitement, blood, sweat and tears of these two months, would produce the magnum opus of the open range. But even a talented

researcher like Mr. Haley sweats hard to produce this single chapter and no one, unfortunately, will ever produce the magnum opus because little documentation was being made even at the time; and most of what was recorded has long since been dissipated.

That, of course, is no indictment of this fine book. Rather, it is a strong tribute to J. Evetts Haley, for his first book of the same title was produced a quarter century ago. This is a new edition, with valuable material added, but some worthy stuff deleted.

Every chapter is meticulously done. The scholarly narrative has scope and perspective. Mr. Haley does well on his early narrative on a wide range of background subjects.

[Nelson Story and Jacques De Mers were bringing trail herds into this territory a decade before the first ranches were established in the Texas Panhandle.]

In 1876, Charles Goodnight's 1,600 cattle were trailed to the first ranch site on Palo Duro. When the Texas legislature, on February 20, 1879, enacted a law appropriating 3,050,000 acres of the public domain to build a state capitol, it paved the way for the founding of the nation's greatest ranch, the XIT. The State traded this vast amount of land from its Capitol Reservation in ten counties in order to build its Capitol.

By the fall of 1886 it took 781 miles of wire to fence the huge XIT holdings, of which the west line, alone, was 260 miles long. The east line was 275 miles long, and line riders watched 575 miles of outside fences. But XIT kept growing. By the late 1890's, 1,500 miles of interior fencing cut the ranch into ninety-four pastures "which, in single strand, would have stretched for 6,000 miles." On this huge property the Capitol Syndicate, the managing firm, had placed 110,721 cattle by November, 1886. "The value of the cattle, horses, and mules was placed at \$1,322,587.00 and that of the entire holding at \$5,529,522."

This greatest of American ranches did not die with the open range. On December 31, 1951, Hamlin Overstreet, representing the Farwell interests, had liquidated the Capitol Reservations Lands, by sale to settlers, to 20,000 acres—still a sizeable ranch today.

Without doubt *The XIT Ranch of Texas* is worthy of a place beside Joseph G. McCoy and Joseph Nimo's fine accounts, as one of the best ranch books ever written. The chapter dealing specifically with XIT operations in Montana, alone is worth the purchase price. The whole book is a valuable addition to the limited written history of the Western range.

\* \* \*

**BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN**, by Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1954. 419 pp. with 19 pp. index. \$6.

*Reviewed by W. Francis Crowley*

Tucked away in an obscure portion of the proceedings of Montana's Constitutional Convention is a brief statement concerning irrigation, prepared by the first Director of the U. S. Geological Survey. It is a strange location, sand-

wich between windy orations for free silver from two U. S. Senators. In the amount of space generally required for introduction, the Director detailed the vital resources of Montana, and blue-printed a state government that logically, and inevitably, should spring from them.

There is no indication that the convention paid much attention—certainly they did not follow his suggestions; but, like practically everything that this brilliant man ever said or wrote, the speech is full of the might-have-beens which still plague the West.

The speaker's name was John Wesley Powell—a remarkable man, about whom Wallace Stegner has written a remarkable book. Powell was among the early practitioners of governmental science in the United States. He gave it direction and organization; and on almost the lines he laid down, it is functioning yet. That achievement, alone, would have made him no more than a talented bureaucrat. But Powell was many things more; and the enumeration of these things brings a tragic story of man, his government, and the West.

## *Buffalo Chips . . . Bits of Book Chat About Montana*

• **TALL SHADOW.** In a recent article in the San Antonio (Texas) *LIGHT*, J. Frank Dobie said: "This is my third expedition into Montana on the trail of Charlie Russell, and I have come to the conclusion that no other state of the Union is so shadowed by the figure of a single individual as Montana is shadowed by Charlie Russell. He died in 1926, close to 30 years ago. His shadow is longer now than it was then . . . The awakening appreciation of Montana for the man and the artist who loved his land so deeply and so understandingly and pictured it so well is good to see."

• **SPEAKING OF C. M. R.** It is heartening to learn, firsthand, that J. Frank Dobie has never abandoned plans for a book on The Cowboy Artist. It is a labor of love, and if Mr. Dobie has delayed what we know will be the first definitive book with both heart and guts, devoted to Russell, it is only because he prizes the

self-imposed chore as one of his worthiest subjects. At least that was our impression during a delightful few days which Mr. and Mrs. Dobie spent here enroute to the Writers' Conference in Missoula this summer.

• **TRAILS PLOWED UNDER** will not only come to light in Mr. Dobie's sympathetic study, but many Americans will actually learn of Russell for the first time—and on that basis he may become a national hero—if the forthcoming movie by Universal-International proves to be the Academy Award production they hope to make it. That's the encouraging word that drifts out of Hollywood these days. At least they are researching a good script, now being written by Borden Chase. And there is no evidence of the film being a "quickie." Filming is scheduled for next summer with release not likely until 1956. Charles Marion Russell deserves being even better known than he

is to countless Americans. We hope this forthcoming movie is the right media for the job.

• **FRUIT TRAMP** to professor is the background of Bill Chance, now associate professor of English at Montana School of Mines. A successful poet with several published works, his latest, just released by Bruce Humphries, Inc., is *ROOM IN TACOMA*. As viril as some of Bill's earlier life from the range to the sea, as both a ranch hand and a deck hand; as a fruit tramp and a bartender, the verse story open in a seashore flophouse. It then follows the wanderer's rise from the filth and degradation of his surroundings. A number of other good short poems cover a range of subjects. Inasmuch as Bill grew up in the shadow of Square Butte, one of Charlie Russell's favorite stamping grounds, it may be hoped that, ultimately, he will versify this picturesque region, too.

Powell knew the early West. He was the first man to explore the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; he made important early systematic investigations into Indian life and history over most of the Western Territories; and more than possible any man before and most of those since, he saw the real economic value and potential of the great plains region.

Powell's *Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States* was the crowning achievement of his life, and one of the great public documents of his generation. It examined and set out all of the conditions necessary to life in the vast dry range country between the Rockies and the Mississippi Valley.

It foresaw the need for national forest reserves, and multiple purpose river development. It postulated, seventy-five years in advance, such epic plans as the Soil Conservation Service and the Taylor Grazing Act. It saw, fearfully, the vision of broken homesteaders, numbed by the years of wind and drought, streaming eastward on Jim Hill's railroad. Bernard DeVoto says that it ranks with *The Federalist* as a basic and prophetic social document.

The brilliant foresight of Powell's idea, and the tantalizing narrow margin by which it missed fulfillment are the tragic theme of Stegner's book.

Stegner's achievement merits more than the few words that space here permits. He has written more than a biography, because it lights a whole area of western and national history which has hardly been touched. Powell sometimes becomes a minor figure in a scene which covers everything west of the hundredth meridian.

Some of the social history of these times and places has not yet been set down. Stegner gives us a comprehensive new look at decades of government activity that molded the West, and shapes its life even yet.

This book fills some of the gaps in our knowledge that must be wiped out be-

fore a complete social history of the West, and the men who made it, can ever be written. *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* is the first stepping-stone across the void. It is a great book about a very brilliant American.

\* \* \*

TREASURE STATE, The Story of Montanans, by Ralph C. Henry. State Publishing Company, Helena, Mont., 1954. 263 pp. Index. \$3.75.

Reviewed by James A. Hall  
Montana State College

The reviewer feels obliged to preface his remarks by pointing out that he is a classroom teacher, not a professional historian. This review was written with the thought in mind that it might aid teachers who are contemplating its use in their schools.

Mr. Henry is certainly no novice to the field of professional writing, having authored *The Majestic Land* and *High Border Country* as well as many excellent short stories which have appeared from time to time in national magazines under the pen name of Eric Thane.

In his latest offering, *Treasure State*, Mr. Henry has written a history of the state of Montana for use at the elementary level. Included is a short picture of modern Montana, understandably brief.

The author is to be commended, on the whole, for this book. He has fulfilled a need which has existed for a current elementary state history since the last previous text was written in 1931. Mr. Henry stresses the conservation theme ably, and the vocabulary level seems well suited for the elementary student. He has presented biographical sketches which are amazingly interesting, especially considering their brevity. Mr. Henry's stylization will doubtlessly appeal to junior readers throughout the state. However, there is a possibility that difficulty might be encountered with the lack of transition between topics in certain sections of the text.

In writing a book so broad in scope as *Treasure State*, it seems inevitable that



a few errors would creep in . . . some of consequence and others less important. These will doubtlessly be rectified in later editions, and are noted here so the teacher might prevent possible misconceptions from gathering in the minds of their students.

"Verendrye was a Frenchman," (p. 5) According to De Voto in his *Course of an Empire* Verendrye was born in Canada of French descent.

Henry states that reading was difficult for Bridger. (p. 33) J. Cecil Alter, in his biography *James Bridger* states that the famous scout never learned to read.

The young lady for whom Captain Lewis named the Marias River was not only a friend; she was his cousin Maria Wood. (p. 51)

The Mullan Road was used for military purposes. A party of 300 soldiers under the command of Major Blake left Fort Benton, and crossed over to Walla Walla during August and September of 1860. (p. 57)

The four men who discovered gold at Last Chance Gulch were not all natives of Georgia as a reader might conclude. (p. 69) Two, John Cowan and John Crab, were from that state while D. J. Miller was a Californian and Bob Stanley was a native of London, England.

Lucia Darling taught school in Bannack, not Virginia City. (p. 78)

In his use of "lodges" on page 88, the author no doubt intended to say that hides — and not *lodges* were stretched across the framework of poles.

The reviewer gained the impression from *Treasure State* that the Indian originally killed buffalo from horseback and later developed the use of piskuns for this purpose. (p. 89) This is a reversal of the facts.

The Indian did not always utilize every part of the buffalo. (p. 92) Catlin told of 1400 buffalo being slaughtered by 500 Sioux so that tongues could be removed and traded to whites for alcohol, while the carcass was left to spoil. In *The North American Buffalo*, F. G. Roe cites

many instances where the Indian, along with white hunters, was guilty of needless slaughter, particularly in later years.

General Gibbon was stationed at Fort Shaw, not Fort Ellis, during the time that Custer and his troops were defeated in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. (p. 102)

The Smith River was named for Robert Smith, Secretary of Navy under Jefferson, not for a pioneer. (p. 155)

Although the author discusses both the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and the Jawbone system, he neglected to mention that the smaller system was later associated with the Milwaukee Road, even though it was built independently. (p. 167)

The translation of the state motto is generally "Gold and Silver." (p. 201)

Despite these errors, the reviewer feels that *Treasure State* has definite value in our Montana schools.

\* \* \*

SHANGHAI PIERCE, A Fair Likeness, by Chris Emmett. University of Oklahoma Press, 1953. Illustrations by Nick Eggenhofer. 399 pp. \$5.

Reviewed by John T. Vance III.

"Boys," he said, "the time has come when every man will have to learn to eat his own meat." A few days later Shanghai Pierce led seventy-five men on a hanging spree, which prompted him to remark:

"Well, Sir, you never can tell just how much human fruit that old dead tree might have borne had it been green."

Four men and a boy hung dangling. Just before the horses moved out from under them the boy said: "Shanghai Pierce, you old son-of-a-bitch, you were the first man to teach me to steal a cow . . ."

Pierce was six feet five inches tall and had the voice of a river boat captain. His birthplace, Rhode Island, he often said, wasn't big enough to house him. He'd gone to Texas and there he stayed—a quick-grown infant in a dung-filled play pen as big as all out doors.

"He was big; he was rich; he was selfish; but he could also be kind. His humor was as brilliant as that of any character Mark Twain or Bret Harte ever fashioned; and his cunning, masked by apparent naivete, was seldom matched." Old Shang was never too proud to meet the likes of Ben Thompson unarmed—he knew Ben wouldn't shoot an unarmed man. The last time he met Ben he went out the window without his shoes. He could have joked about it if he'd left without his britches. He lived the long life of the humorous and larded 42 pounds of flesh on the 208 pound frame he brought to Texas with him 47 years before his death.

Pierce was steeped in parsimony and vicious as a coyote. He was generous as a child is generous, proffering the damp chewed remnants of a stale biscuit after the flavor and fun is gone. Shanghai Pierce is a reflection on human kind. But he is vitally important. The smiling Texans whose smooth faces adorn *Time* magazine today are Pierce's spiritual heirs. They are spreading their loops wider and wider. When you read this book, Montanan, remember that the author is a Texan.

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**JEDEDIAH SMITH AND THE OPENING OF THE WEST**, by Dale L. Morgan. Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1953. 458 p. \$4.50.

*Reviewed by Martin S. Keene*

When the first full-length biography appeared eighteen years ago — **JEDEDIAH SMITH, TRADER AND TRAIL BREAKER**—Maurice S. Sullivan brought to light major portions of the Smith journals. Since then, Harrison Dale and others have added to the Smith story. It is unlikely that future research will produce enough new information to alter the present knowledge of Jedediah Smith; even if, as Morgan guesses, the lost part of Smith's journal should turn up in Mexico's archives. Although Dale Morgan has unearthed new letters, two of them by Smith, and many references

(one which reveals that it was another Smith than Jedediah who carried the letter to St. Louis after the terrible defeat at the hands of the Rees) they indicate that this subject has been exhausted.

It is regrettable that Mr. Morgan did not synthesize Jed Smith's story along with all of his contemporaries in the fur trade. Out of such work might have come the hoped-for epic of this new kind of American, the Mountain Man; or perhaps a modern history of the fur trade in the 1820's, through whose fabric the golden thread of Smith's life could be drawn. If more biographies or substantial monographs are done on Mountain Men, they should deal with Sublette, Ashley or Jackson. More studies are needed of Smith's rivals, as well as his associates, in the fur trade.

Actually the best justification for this book is that Mr. Morgan "ties together the events and personalities which make this so colorful an age." In recounting the adventures of Hugh Glass and James Clyman, he ranges far from the central figure, but although the net result is a description of the mountain fur trade as a dangerous and unromantic business without any new insight into Jedediah Smith, the man, it is good reading. As Morgan says of his hero: "His years in the West are a sustained, almost unrelieved chronicle of physical endurance, unflagging courage and granitic purpose, with occasional climaxes in which his spirit burns clear and bright. Explorer, fur trader, fighting man — he was all of these; and as a symbol of the nation . . . , a great deal more. But Jedediah the man tends to be lost in Jedediah Smith the hero, the trail breaker, the public personality."

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**THE BUFFALO HUNTERS**, by Mari Sandoz. Hastings House. \$4.50.

Second in the new American Procession Series. A long-needed book, no matter what its shortcomings may be, by an eminently qualified and distinguished author, will be reviewed next issue.

In a book which I published a couple of years ago, *The Course of Empire*, I tried hard to do exact justice to Sacajawea.

It is an astonishing and delightful fact that Sacajawea, not a word of whom we know at first hand, has impressed herself on the minds of Americans as no other Indian woman has ever done. Part of this is due, no doubt, to the staunchness and loyalty which show in the journals of Lewis and Clark. But I have always been at a loss to explain the rest of it. Somehow she seizes hold of the imaginations of people who write about her. Men seem to fall in love with her and women identify themselves with her, with the result that their imagination takes over and creates an Indian woman who never lived. The most conspicuous examples were Donald Culross Peattie and Grace Hebard, whose treatment of her cannot be called history at all but must be classified as romantic fiction. Further evidence is the fact, or what the "Dictionary of American Biography" says is a fact, for I have never tried to verify it, that more statues have been erected to her than to any other American woman. I have seen half a dozen of these; the best one I have seen is the one at Bismarck, not the one at Portland.

Doubtless Sacajawea was a more useful member of the expedition than her worthless husband, Charbonneau. She was always cheerful, ingenious and willing to work. She was able to direct the expedition to edible roots which they didn't know about, she sewed deerskin shirts and made moccasins, etc. When the expedition drew near the Three Forks she was able to tell them how far they were from various places, that they were getting near the Shoshone country, etc. Once she even did a bit of what may properly be called guiding.

But though a useful member of the expedition, she was an important one in only a single respect. Charbonneau was

hired for the winter at the Mandan villages, as an interpreter for dealings with the Minnetarees, whose language he could speak. There was then no thought of taking him along when the expedition got started again in the spring. But during the winter Lewis and Clark learned that they would have to do a lot of overland travel for which they would need horses, and that they could get horses in plenty from the Shoshones. Sacajawea thereupon became valuable to them, since Shoshone was her native language and she could interpret for them — also, no doubt, because they foresaw that the presence of a Shoshone woman would be a manifest token of peace. That is the reason why Charbonneau and Sacajawea were taken along in the spring.

Of course she did practically no guiding. How could she? She knew the Shoshone country: Lemhi pass and the immediate environs both east and west of it, and she knew the country between there and the Three Forks for as a child she had gone with her family on the tribes' annual excursion to the buffalo country. Captured by the Minnetarees at the age of 12, she had traveled from the Three Forks to the Mandan villages, we do not know by what route. That was the extent of it. Since then her movements have been confined to those of her husband — going out some distance west of the Missouri for buffalo, and going to and from the British posts on the Assinboin river, maybe twice a year. She knew no other country for she had seen none. She could not have guided the expedition up the Missouri or beyond the mountains — it was all a blank page to her. But as they approached the Three Forks and from there to Lemhi pass she knew where she was and told them where they were.

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This item first appeared in the Minneapolis STAR and was republished in the Great Falls TRIBUNE. It is a fresh observation which answers questions constantly asked of our museum staff.

## *A Letter From E. A. Brininstool*



### *The Custer Battle Continues*

My attention has been called to a review by Mr. Addison Bragg of a booklet titled *Kick the Dead Lion*, of which one Charles G. DuBois of Billings, Montana, appears as nominal author, and in which Mr. Bragg gleefully remarks that Mr. DuBois, after having manhandled what he is pleased to term "The Sacred Writings of Dustin and Brininstool," then, figuratively speaking, spit on his hands, flexed his biceps and vocal chords, and proceeded to add another scalp to his collection of the remnants of reprehensible persons who have "kicked the dead Lion."

Mr. Bragg states: "W. A. Graham is another authority at whom DuBois takes an effective cut with reference to the charge of drunkenness (sic) leveled at Reno. As long as Reno wasn't drunk during the battle, Graham argues, what difference does it make if he was "drunk as a boiled owl" the night following the battle. To which DuBois replies, in effect: "What would happen to a U. S. Army captain in Korea who, after holding out

in a position surrounded by Chinese all day, proceeded to get drunk as soon as night fell?"

And Mr. Bragg adds — "A good question, Charles. And a good new piece of Custeriana."

I agree with Mr. Bragg that it would have been a good question had Mr. DuBois asked it: and it remains a good question notwithstanding it is Mr. Bragg's and not Mr. DuBois'. As to its being either a *good* or *new* piece of Custeriana, however, that is something else again. It is good only if the implied parallel is valid: it is new only if it is not the echo of an oft-repeated, long-discredited tale. How then, does it measure up? I repeat the question: "What would happen to a U. S. Army Captain in Korea who got drunk as soon as night fell, after holding out all day in a position surrounded by Chinese?"

The answer is easy. The drunken captain in Korea would have lost his job. Not only would his subordinates have refused to permit him longer to exercise



command, but his superiors, when satisfied as to his drunkenness in the face of the enemy, would have tried him by court-martial.

The implied parallel is, of course, that Major Reno "got drunk as soon as night fell, after holding out all day in a position surrounded by Indians."

And who says Reno was drunk: Mule-skippers Fret and Churchill whom he caught in the act of stealing rations; Girard, the squaw man who he had discharged for stealing government property at Fort Lincoln; and Messrs. DuBois and Bragg, two youngsters whose knowledge of the Little Big Horn is as a baby not yet dry behind the ears.

Who says he wasn't drunk? General Winfield S. Edgerly, who conversed and consulted with him as soon as night fell — at almost the very hour the mule skippers represented him as staggering and stammering, incoherent from strong drink, unable to stand erect without support. Yet, when Edgerly pointed out to him some gaps in the defense line, this allegedly staggering, stammering, incoherent man directed him to adjust and correct the line against the Indian attack that all anticipated the coming morning.

And Edgerly further stated, when pressed by the examiner, that if Reno had been staggering, stammering and incoherent, as the mule skippers claimed, the fact could not have escaped the attention of both officers and men, and that if any such condition had in fact existed, the officers present on the hill would not have permitted Reno to exercise command.

And who else said he wasn't drunk? The Senior Captain of the regiment, Benteen, upon whose shoulders the mantle of command would have fallen had Reno for any reason — including drink — become incapacitated. Benteen saw him and consulted with him at intervals not exceeding half an hour all



through the night, and saw no trace of drunkenness at any time. Even Mathy, whose testimony DuBois quotes *in part*, said that Reno showed no signs of intoxication.

And who else? The Court of Inquiry, composed of three outstanding officers of the Army, Colonels King, Merritt and Royal heard the testimony of the mule skippers, and heard it refuted by the officers of the Seventh. And what was their finding? I quote it — "There was nothing in his (Reno's) conduct that requires an imadversion from this Court."

And who else? The Judge Advocate General of the Army, who received the record; General Sherman, head of the Army, who read it and concurred, and the President of the United States, who approved it.

And last, but by no means least, the distinguished soldier whose hostility to Reno was bitter to the end, General Edward S. Godfrey, who scornfully rejected the "drunk" story as slanderous nonsense.

Take a look at Reno's record. It never had a stain until *after* the battle of the Little Big Horn. He was brevetted through all ranks from Major to Brigadier General for gallant and outstanding service during the Civil War; he filled many important and distinguished posts in the Army after the Civil War. Not until driven to it by the malicious lies of scandal mongers, thieves and scoundrels did he ever drink to excess. All his troubles were caused by just such half-truths, falsehoods and distortions as are once again disinterred from the dung-pile of infamous liber where they properly belong; and once again reprinted as "good, new Custeriana." Reno had his faults, undoubtedly; one of which was his inability to cope with liars.

# Letters to the Editors



"The **Montana Magazine of History** surely must rate as the best illustrated of state history publications. The **Montana Heritage Series** is a remarkable new series of reprints at an amazingly low price. They are elaborately illustrated and certainly you get a lot for the small price asked."

Don Russell, Chicago

## The Westerners Brand Book

Kind words and deeply appreciated. Actually we are quite disappointed in the slow sale on the four **HERITAGE SERIES** to date. Won't some competent critic tell us why?

"I visited your beautiful building earlier this year. I recall that you sold many good books on Montana, C. M. Russell art reproductions, and had a delightful gift shop downstairs. Many of these items would be wonderful as unusual Christmas gifts. How can I learn more of what is available and the prices?"

Mrs. Arthur Clark  
Dallas, Texas.

Please note the inside back cover of this issue. We will furnish detailed lists of items available and prices, upon request. They do constitute unusual gift items.

"About three months ago I visited your Charles Russell Room and I thought it was the greatest sight I saw on all my trip."

John J. Heydel  
Jasper National Park, Alberta

The Russell Room is a perennial favorite. By the way, it now is enhanced by two fine additional bronzes and several oils and watercolors, not there when you visited, so come again.

"The article by J. Frank Dobie was intriguing to many of us who lived in Judith Basin at the time of the invasion of the "White Wolf." Of no small importance is the fact that this wolf was mounted by an excellent taxidermist. It can be seen at any time in the Court House at Stanford, Montana. I am sure many of your readers will be glad to be appraised of this."

Harriet M. Strum,  
Belt, Montana

They would indeed! Old Snowdrift measures six feet from nose to tail-tip; a specimen worthy of study!

"In the Custer article the writer speaks of Greasy Grass Creek as Lodge Grass Creek. I worked on the reservation from the Fall of 1886 until 1945, and I know that country well. Lodge Grass Creek empties into The Little Horn at Lodge Grass town and has always been known to both Indians and Whites by that name. Rotten Grass Creek empties into the Big Horn River at St. Xavier Mission, about 35 or 40 miles west of the mouth of Lodge Grass Creek. This creek for the length of time I have known it has been called Rotten Grass Creek by the Whites, but the Indian name is Greasy Grass Creek."

E. C. Woodley,  
Sheridan, Wyoming

"No publication that comes into my office is received with such pleasure as the historical magazine from Montana. I have access to a good many such publications, but yours beats them all. I love to get it. It takes me back some fifty years, when I first landed with Ed Mulroney in Missoula to start our practice of law. It was my good fortune to know Charley Russell; Judge Pray, with whom I correspond regularly now; and some of the original Vigilantes. You are doing great work. It seems a crime, with a background such as exists, that the Montana Historical Society should want for funds."

Mathew M. Joyce, Judge  
United States District Court  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Judge Joyce should be writing for the magazine — not about it. But we do appreciate the compliments.

"I think your last issue is your very best to date. The idea of assembling events of early Montana life, is not only interesting to read now, but sets up history that will be highly valuable in the future. Without tooting your horn too much, as Howard Nettles of Kalispell says, you can say, safely: No place in the whole world has the friendly atmosphere that is found in Montana."

John B. Simons  
Portland, Oregon

"Enclosed is my personal \$20 check for your reproduction of Charles M. Russell's "The Roundup." I saw Mr. Don Hill's, which he recently had framed just like an original oil painting. It is one of the finest jobs of lithography which I have ever seen."

George R. Miller, Trustee  
Nancy C. Russell Estate  
Pasadena, California

Many experts who have seen this beautiful, large lithograph agree with Mr. Miller. It's a perfect reproduction.

"My small check is a donation to your worthy cause. Sorry it is not in the upper bracket. I look forward to each issue of the magazine and enjoy ever bit of it. One exception: I think you wasted good space on the "Oil" series. To me it savors of promotional dope."

George E. Mushbach  
Missoula, Montana

"I formerly lived in Fort Benton. My father came to Montana in 1867 with his uncle Major Alexander Culbertson, who built Fort Benton in 1846, and first set foot on Montana soil in 1832. Needless to say I am very much interested in your fine magazine, of which I am saving all back issues. Keep up the good work!"

John S. Culbertson  
721 - 21st Ave. No.  
Seattle, Washington

